MAYFAIR

Vol. 23 No.9 ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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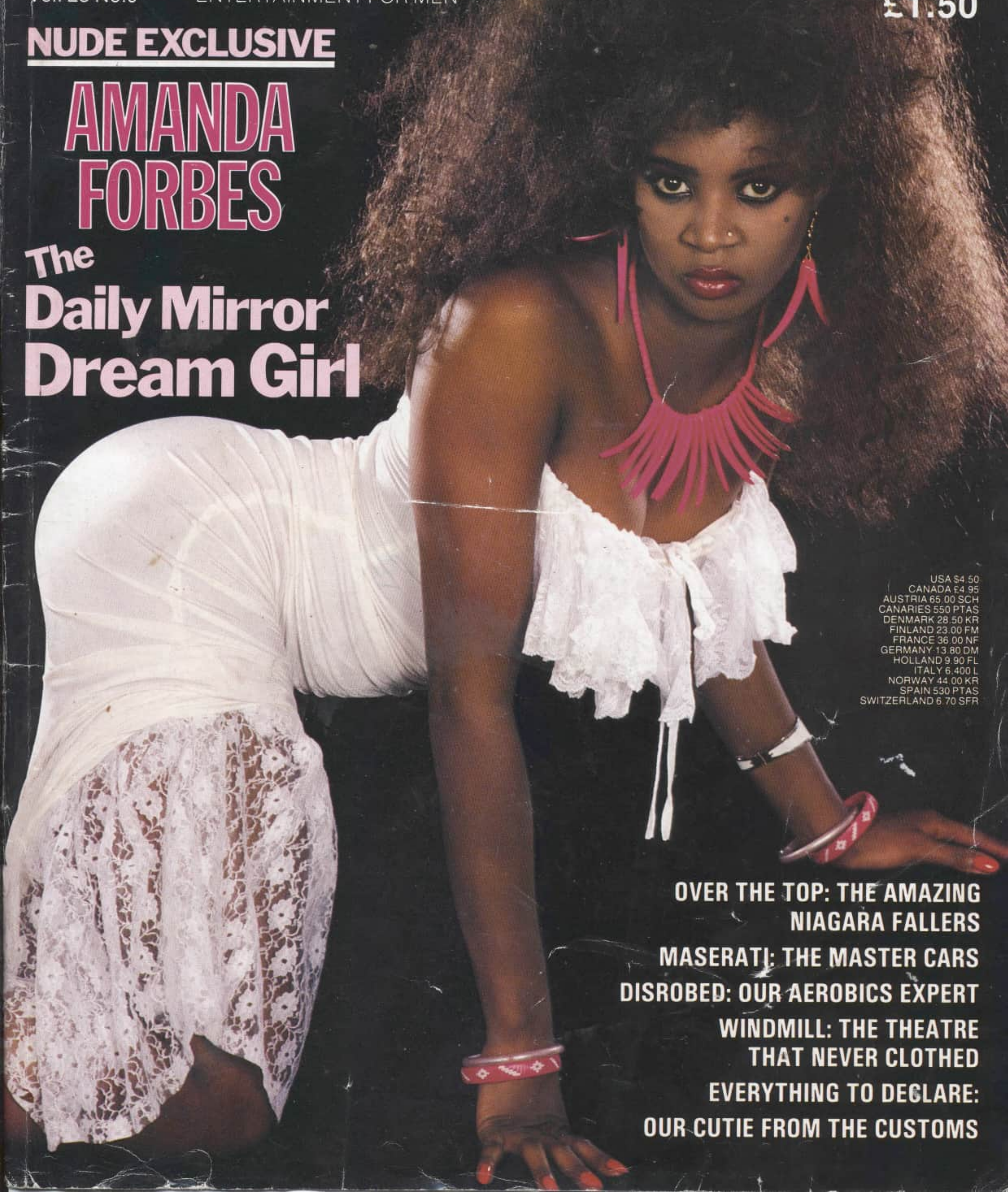

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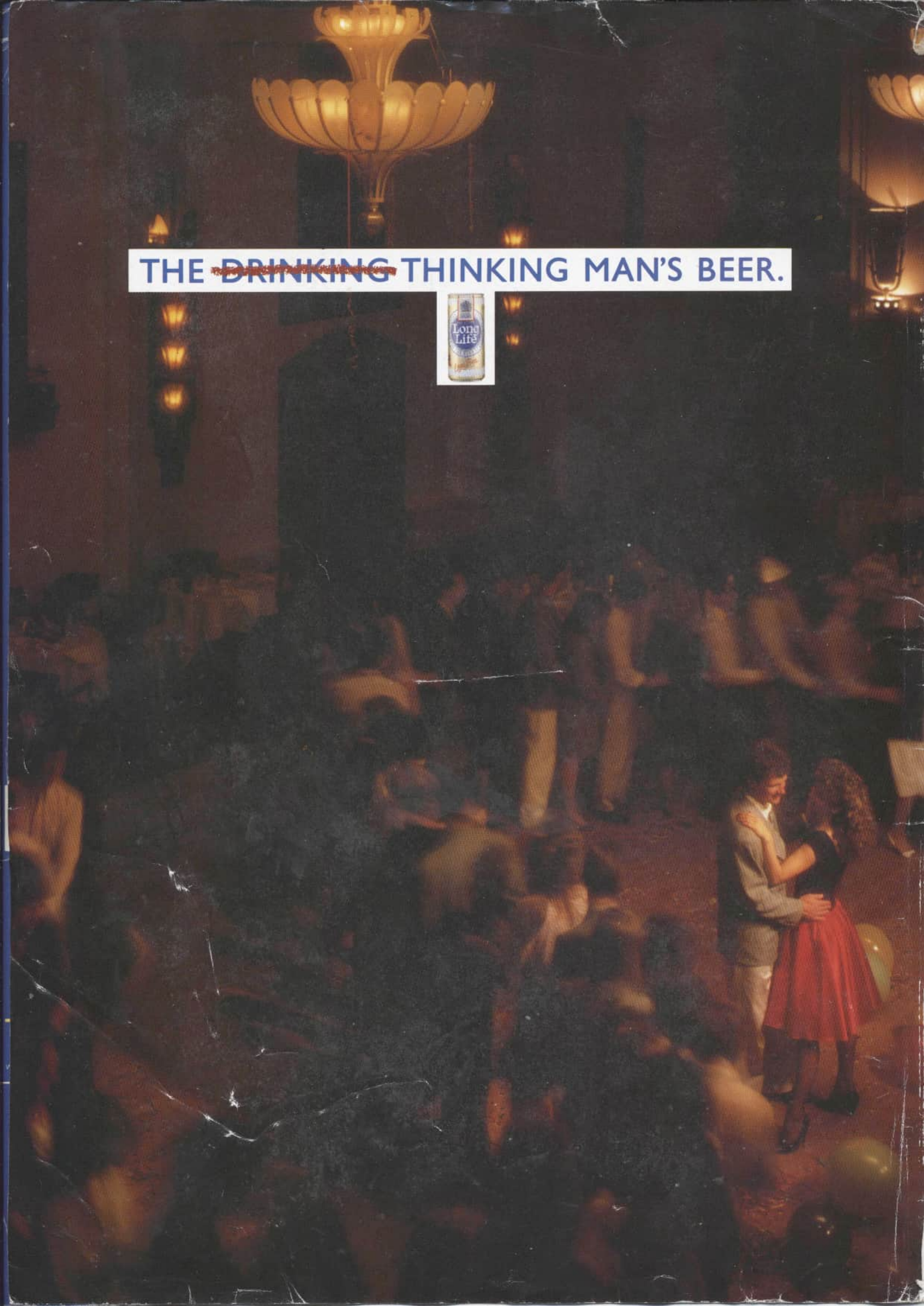
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Curvy covergirl Amanda Forbes, 21, beat 5000 other girls to become the *Daily Mirror* Dreamgirl '88. She bares all for us

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Walk in the steps of the dare-devils who have challenged Niagara Falls

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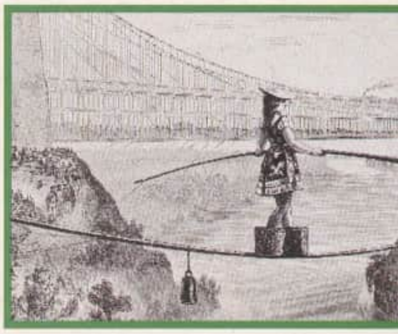

William Boddy pays homage to the mighty Maserati, one of the great names of Italian motoring and still producing stunning sportsters

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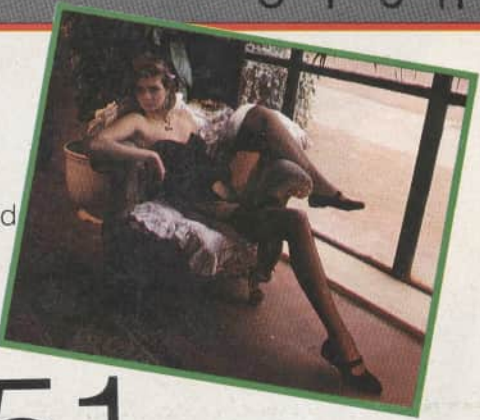
CENTRE STORY



Twenty-one-year-old, 34-24-34 Isobel Harrison loves antiques, so we photographed her among all her favourite items. She proved a piece that's definitely worth close examination

51

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **John Clement** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** /Sub Editor **Nigel Wackett** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/ Editorial Assistants **Fiona Whitty** and **Lisa Oldfield** /Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

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LETTERS
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Maria! Maria!

You must be truly congratulated for persuading Maria Whittaker to consent to pose for *Mayfair* Vol 21 No 6, because she has ensured that this issue will be a classic. In the US this means it will sell out.

Maria is a unique beauty, the fabulous pin up of the century, and *Mayfair* deserves to have featured her. Her quiet wholesome and refreshing beauty is such a delight to your US readers because we so often must suffer the artless and downright vulgar issues of your US competitors. Maria's appearance in *Mayfair* convinced me that I had to have a subscription!

I would love to know whether *Mayfair* will market Maria's projected autobiography and whether any posters of Maria are currently available.

My rapture over Maria — for she is truly an exceptional image of loveliness — should not detract from the other ladies of the issue. Each of them posess their own special charm and loveliness. I must confess that I have a soft spot for brunettes. Miss Sweet, Veronica Dolce, captured my affections by her stylish, poised and alluring figure. *Mayfair* has captured the essence of a sublimely sensual young woman.

Berenice is an absolute sweetheart, and she merits the name carried by the legendary Ptolemaic Queens of Egypt, famed for their seductive beauty. Her innocent charm and budding feminitiy swept me away. Please urge her to appear again soon.

In closing, I would like to thank you for bringing such images of loveliness. Quite unlike so many US publications, the ladies of *Mayfair* are real. I have long grown tired of the tinted blonde models of so many US publications — overdone in make-up and often decked out in quite slutty attire. Most women are most beautiful when they sport their natural hair colour and pose in serene, pleasing scenes.

KWH, New Orleans

Getting into a leather

As a regular reader of your superb magazine, I look forward to it with keen anticipation each month and I do enjoy readers' letters.

One of my favourite girls to have appeared in *Mayfair* was Toni Malone (Vol 22 No 4). In answer to a letter from G Goddard (Vol 22 no 12) you promised a second feature of this wonderful girl but, so far, six months of patience has not been rewarded, only a tantalising glimpse of her in your subscriptions ad.

I fully agree with AS of Hull in Vol 22 No 11 when he asks for more girls in what he calls erotica — PVC, leather gear and the like. The pictures of Sylvie Masters (Vol 23 no 12) were unbelieveable, and the bath shots of Madelaine Forbes (Vol 23 No 5) were a joy to behold. What I was most frustrated by were two erotic but small pictures of Zoe Lee on page 6 of Vol 23 No 2. The net outfit was teasing enough but the PVC boots, corset and gloves were out of this world. I find it inexplicable that you should commission such a gorgeous set of pictures and then not give them a full feature in your magazine. For me you could fill the whole magazine with these shots and still leave me asking for more.

A Green, Salisbury

Getting a kick from feet

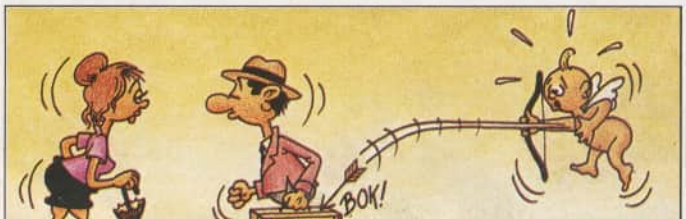
The trouble with the tabloids is that they are obsessed with boobs, and the majority of Page Three girls are only pictured from mid-thigh upwards. Therefore, it was a real treat to see George Richardson's delightful photo-sets of Maria Whittaker in Vol 23 No 6, and Karen Brennan in Vol 23 No 7, showing us these beautiful girls in their entirety — especially their lovely bare feet. Indeed, until I saw them in *Mayfair*, I thought they went around on castors!

I hope George will give us more full-length shots of Page Three girls in *Mayfair* — don't listen to those who will no doubt moan about the lack of pubes.

I would particularly love to see Anneliese, Corinne Russell, Ruth Gordon, Terri Woods, Diane Willoughby and, most of all, Julia Morse, in their bare feet.

The *Daily Mirror* made the mistake once and gave us a partial glimse of one of Julia's bare tootsies, and it was exceedingly shapely.

JH, Brightling Sea


BOK!
BEK!
Stef

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

The art of turning-on

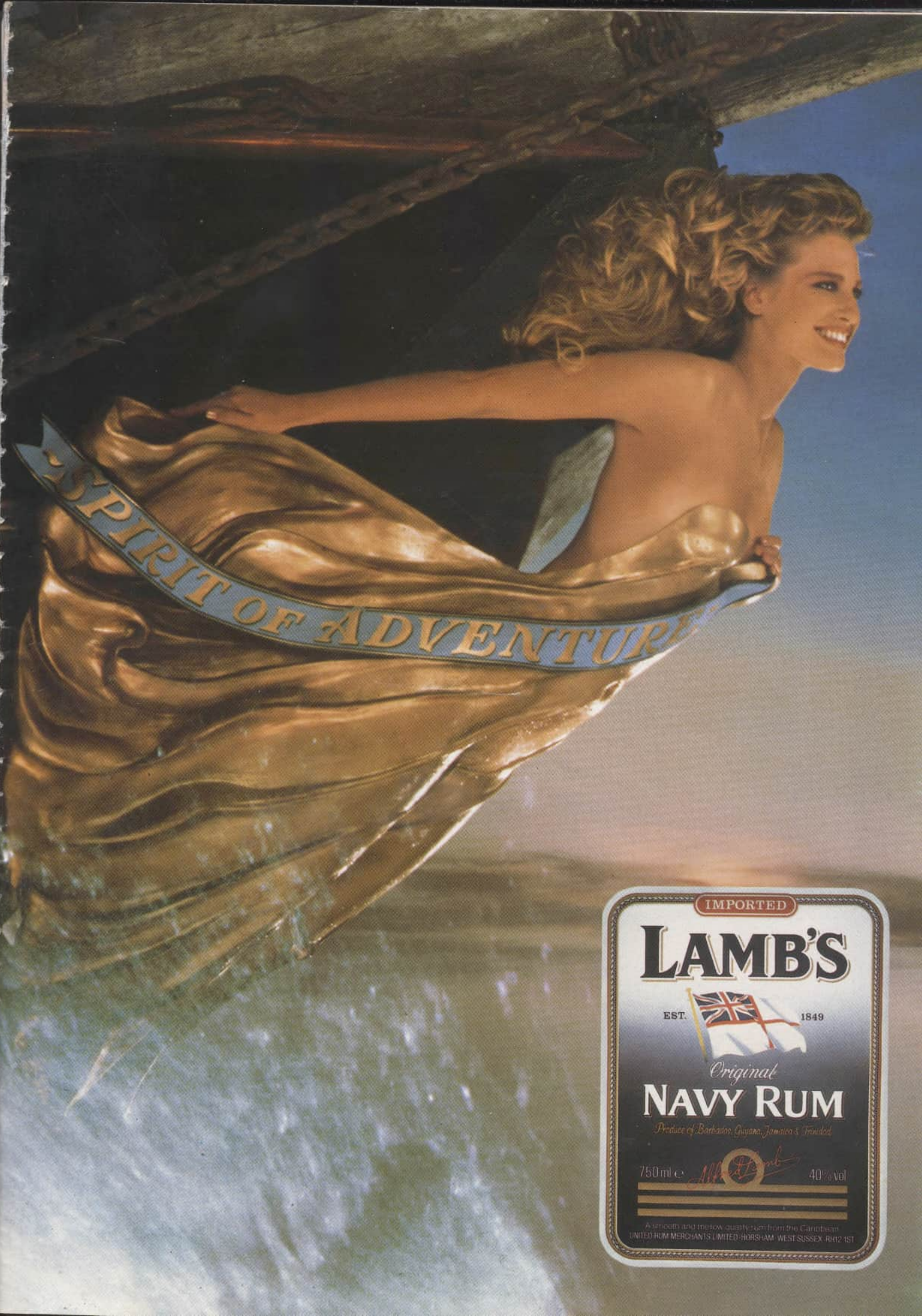
My boyfriend and I are avid readers of *Mayfair*, and we spend a lot of time discussing the photos and letters whenever our regular copy is delivered. I like to pose for him in miniscule beachwear and completely naked, and we keep a display of these photos in our bedroom — some of them blown up to poster size. I get a real kick out of thinking that when I'm out he's there surrounded by *risqué* images of my body, some of them realy quite suggestive. Recently, we got to discussing sexual fantasies, and I told him about some of my more torrid ones. He said that he had a strong fantasy at his art evening class, and I thought he was about to tell me some scenario he'd concocted starring himself and a life model, and started to feel some of the jealousy I remember feeling when he started going to draw and paint naked women. But in fact he'd been fantasising about me, as a life model.

I was flattered, and asked why he liked the idea so much. He said the idea of watching other men studying my naked body, left him breathless with excitement. I thought a bit about it, and started feeling randy myself. I like showing my equipment off in summer anyway; I sunbathe in a g-string in a secluded corner of the garden, and I love going starkers on Mediterranean beaches. So I suggested to him that I try it out. After all, nobody in his class knew me.

He was very excited. As we planned the escapade, we had terrific lovemaking sessions. I plucked up a little courage and phoned the evening institute, and was gratefully booked in for the following week.

Once I knew I was scheduled to bare all, I felt amazingly excited. I planned it all carefully, asking my boyfriend for advice on enhancing my performance for him. I went on sunbathing studiously and developed a good bronze coating. I was

turn to page 8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Gorgeous Gail Thackray was in Vol 20 No 12. You missed her? Then buy a back number. Order individually from the list below or get our fantastic five-pack — Vol 20 Nos 6, 7, 8, 10 and 12 for only £5. But be quick!

Other back numbers available include:
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continued from page 6

worried about the tiny white lines of the g string on my backside, but my boyfriend said that it made me even saucier. I shaved most of the hair of my pussy off, leaving a token patch of modesty.

Along I went with full make-up, earrings, a show necklace, and an ankle-chain — this added touch made me feel very randy, and tied up with my own fantasies about being a slave girl in an oriental harem, I wore backless, silver-heeled slippers to round it all off. I was very nervous and deliciously excited, all at the same time.

When I arrived, my boyfriend pretended that I was an old friend and the teacher showed me where to leave my gear. I came into the large room, just as he was pointing all the lights at the small stage covered with pink satin, awaiting my naked body. Wow, was I excited!

I slipped my dressing gown off and stood there waiting for instructions. The room went quiet.

I felt really good now and thought, all this attention from a large group of mostly men. I could sense my boyfriend's frenzy as I turned and smoothed down the satin. I did a series of five minute poses, and got into the part. I watched the guys' eyes roaming over me, caressing my boobs and fondling my pussy with their eyes. When the tea-break came, I was thoroughly enjoying myself. My boyfriend came over as I was getting up from a supine position, and said not to put my gown on for the interval. He thought that walking around among the men would give us both a turn on. And it did!

I went to see how they were getting on, and felt as randy as hell standing right next to them in nothing but a pair of high heels. It was like starring in your own erotic movie — I was a sex queen. I could see my boyfriend was loving it.

In the second half, I took up more daring poses, giving them a good look at my fanny and bum, and began to fantasise in the heat. My pussy began to get distinctly moist as I dreamt of orgies and being taken and used by a sequence of attractive men.

At home that night, we made love like never before. I looked forward to the next two sittings, and was flattered to see that the class grew in size each time.

A strange feeling of power came over me. I might well be the subject of forty different fantasies each weekend, and probably long after.

If any girls are reading this letter with their men, then think about showing all in that sort of scenario. I loved every minute of it. Our love-making has hit the roof. He thinks I'm the randiest thing around, and I've started to believe it myself.

My boyfriend took a sneaky photo from the back of the hall, and he's blown it up to large poster size. I get the hots every time I look at myself naked in the lime-light.

Now it's his turn to act out one of my fantasies. But which one? I can't decide... He might get arrested!

CF, London

Making an ash of it

I must protest about a letter from one of your readers (*DW, London*, Vol 23 No 6) requesting photos of girls smoking. I find it a complete turn-off. To see girls with a cigarette makes them look common and gives the impression that they are easily led. It is a sad fact that many girls smoke today, perhaps because they think it's the trendy thing to do. But please don't show girls smoking in your excellent magazine. Though could you please show more *Mayfair* girls in their bare feet?

(Name and address witheld)

A room with a woo

A reader recently told me of his encounter with a lady 20 years his senior, which prompted me to write to you about a similar experience I had three years ago I was working as a sales rep in the West Country and spending a lot of my time away from home.

My marriage was all but on the rocks, partly because of the job, so when a friend suggested I might like some female company I was very keen.

He had been seeing a young waitress at the hotel we'd both used for some time, and he said she had a friend who was interested in meeting me. It was arranged that she should come to the hotel where I was staying, and we would be introduced.

I was looking forward to meeting the lady but was rather taken aback when she arrived. She was clearly in her forties, and I had expected someone of the same age as the waitress.

However, Janet (name changed) was a young looking 43-year-old blonde, with a very slim figure and about five foot four.

To my surprise, we immediately go on like a house on fire. After a drink at the hotel, we went out to a Chinese restaurant.

After a couple of hours spent talking about our respective partners and the problems we were

turn to page 106

FIRST TIME NUDE

AMANDA FORBES

The Daily Mirror Dream Girl

A double treat

DREAM GIRL FINAL

AMANDA BEATS 5,000 OTHERS TO WIN THE MIRROR TITLE

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Mirror Dream Girl 88

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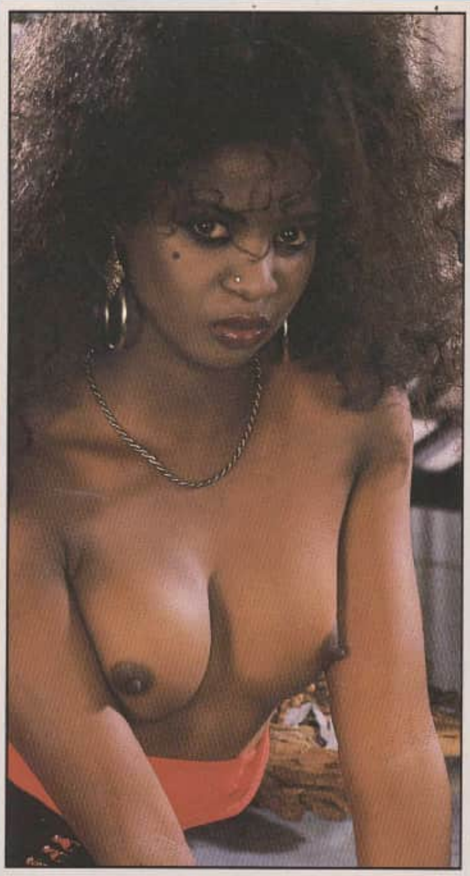
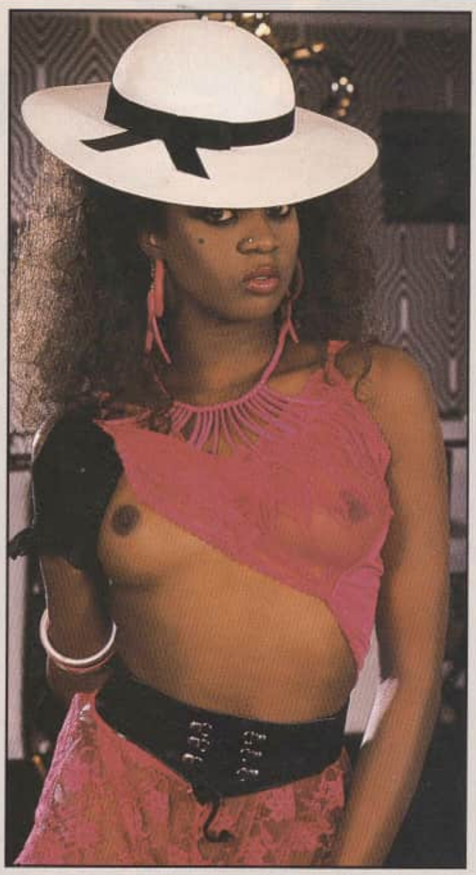


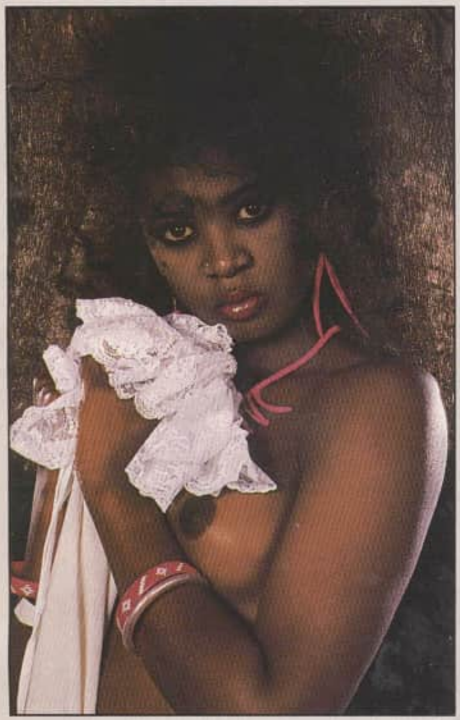


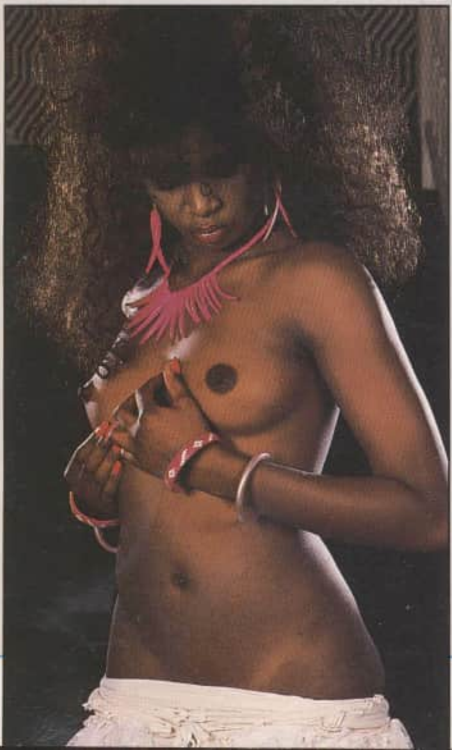
lucky Sunday Sport read
AMA
DREA
Mandy Muscles

Twenty-one-year-old Amanda Jayne Forbes is one in 5000, and she has 4,999 disappointed rivals to prove it. They were the contestants who lost out to 34-24-35 inch Amanda in this summer's *Daily Mirror* Dream Girl '88 Competition. And to add our accolade to Amanda's fast burgeoning career as a professional model we present her nude debut exclusively in *Mayfair*. 'Deep down I think every girl would like to have a go at modelling,' she told the *Mirror* after her victory. 'And you dream of winning a competition like this. But you just can't believe it when it happens to you.' A look at the papers should quickly convince her otherwise. She's appeared in the *Sun*, the *Star* and the *News of the World*, and next year she'll be a star of the 1989 Vladivar Vodka calendar.

Hailing from Melton Mowbray in Leicestershire, Amanda counts her success as a double triumph — it's not just a vindication of her personal ambition, she's also the first black girl to gain first prize in a national modelling competition. 'One top model agent even refused to take me on because of my colour,' she said in the *Mirror*. 'She said I didn't have a chance.' Amanda is the daughter of West Indian cricketer Carlton Forbes and a Spanish mother — the source of her exotic, coffee-hued looks — though she was brought up by English foster parents.

Peeps girl will dance into 1989





COLOUR CALENDAR SPECIAL
JULY 1988
Amanda's well worth the weig
HE DREAM
KET..
ASCOT

After leaving school, she had a variety of occupations from hair-dressing and selling double-glazing to nursing. 'I started training,' she said in *Sunday Sport*, 'but I hated the sight of blood, always arrived late, and used to talk too much during classes, so they booted me out!' But the medical world's loss was show business's gain. Amanda turned to modelling and professional dancing — she also sings and writes pop songs. 'I must have a creative soul,' she told the *People* newspaper. 'Music is part of my life. And when I dance I just feel great with the world.' Meanwhile she keeps in trim by weight-training at her local gym. And her favourite man? 'My ideal does a really down to earth job like building or decorating. I wouldn't be remotely interested in city types.' Clean overalls anyone?

There are kings. And there are

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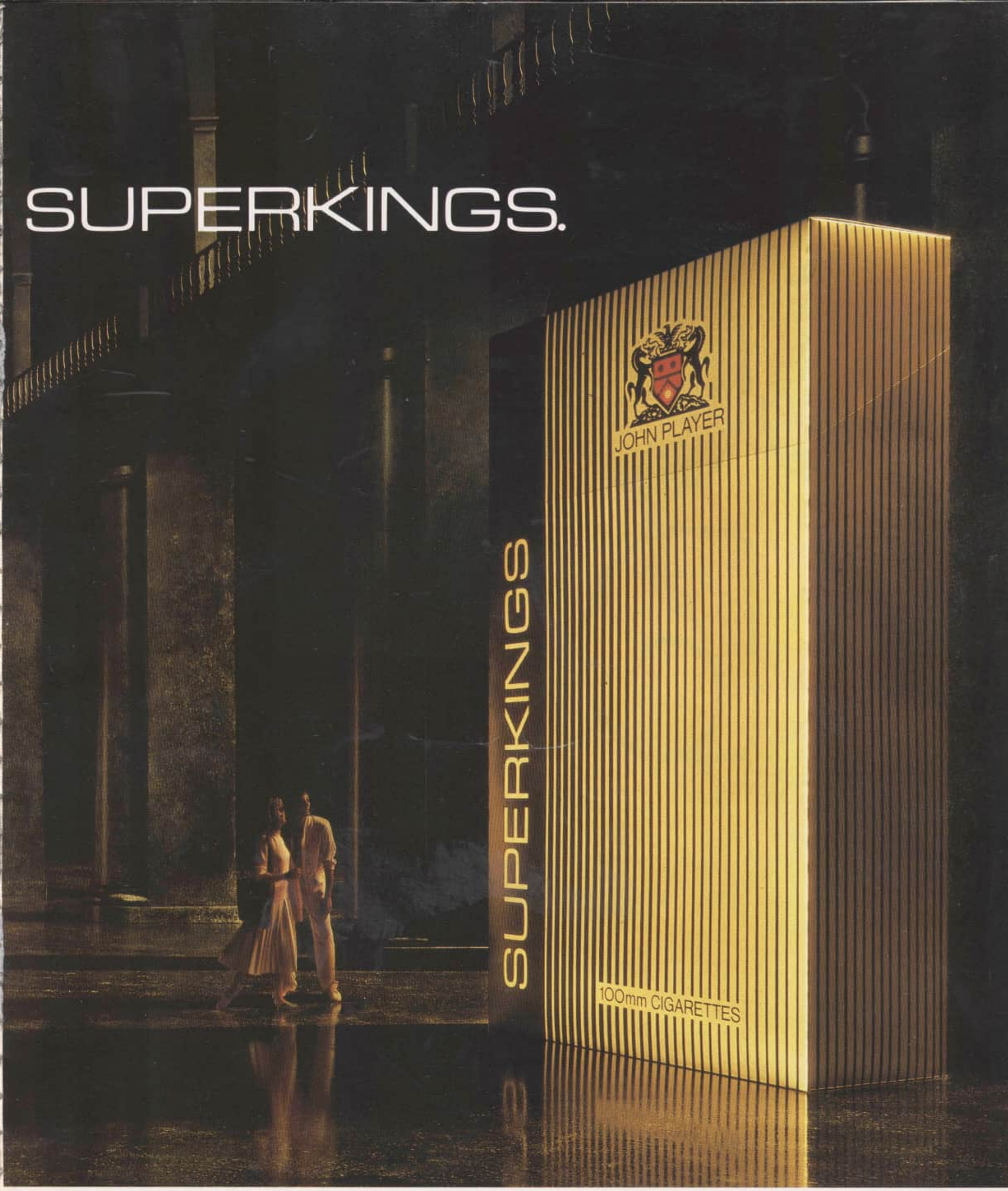
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Dreams take many shapes, but Andrews, relaxing in a hot bath, found it entirely amazing that a soap bubble should transform itself into the curves of a cutely nubile young woman

SOAP DISH

Fiction by Will Morris

The bath had gone cool for a second time, but Andrews was reluctant to get out. With his wife gone for the weekend, maybe for ever, he was lonely and horny. He ran in more hot water, leaned back and closed his eyes against the light, yawned.

He lathered the soap until his hands were full of foam, then cupped them and blew steadily: a bubble formed, expanded. It was a perfect sphere, bigger than any so far. It broke free of his hands, wavered in the warm air, and then dropped precisely onto the erect length at his crotch; it clung, only for a moment, and then seemed to be *thrown* upward, glittering, to strike the taps hard. It didn't break, but fell heavily to the water, and sank.

Andrews started at the water. He could have sworn . . . The water began to bubble; he wrenched his feet back as it seemed to explode into a boiling mass, then began to fountain upward — first by a few inches, then suddenly to several feet. The geyser rose almost to touch the ceiling, a solid sheet of water as wide as the bath. It fell. But not all of it. Parts hung motionless, flung and . . . solidified. He rubbed his eyes as the stilled fountain formed curves and hollows; then a mouth opened near the top.

'Hi,' said the transparent girl standing in front of him. She might have been five feet tall in her stockinged feet, if she had any feet — everything below mid-calf was under water. She was slim, nubile, naked. She swayed, no, she *shimmied*. .

Andrews began to rise, then looked down between his thighs and modesty took over. He stayed where he was, looking upward only because to look forward was to stare straight into her crotch.

'Hi,' she tried again.

'Hiiaaghm,' he managed to hiss through stiff lips.

She cocked her head, 'Hiiaaghm?'

'I'm seeing things,' he told himself as he rubbed hard at his eyes.

'Do you come here often?'

'— and hearing things,' he went on.

'Well, *you* weren't talking. One of us has to talk.'

He kept his hands over his eyes. '*What* are . . you . . doing . . here?'

There was a considered silence. 'Getting born,' she decided.

'Born?' He remembered the way the bubble had clung round his errection, to be suddenly thrown up as if he'd . . 'You mean, I, it was . . but I didn't . .'

'You wanted to, didn't you?'

He refused to answer the question. A man's dreams were his own, even the wet ones. 'What the hell *are* you?'

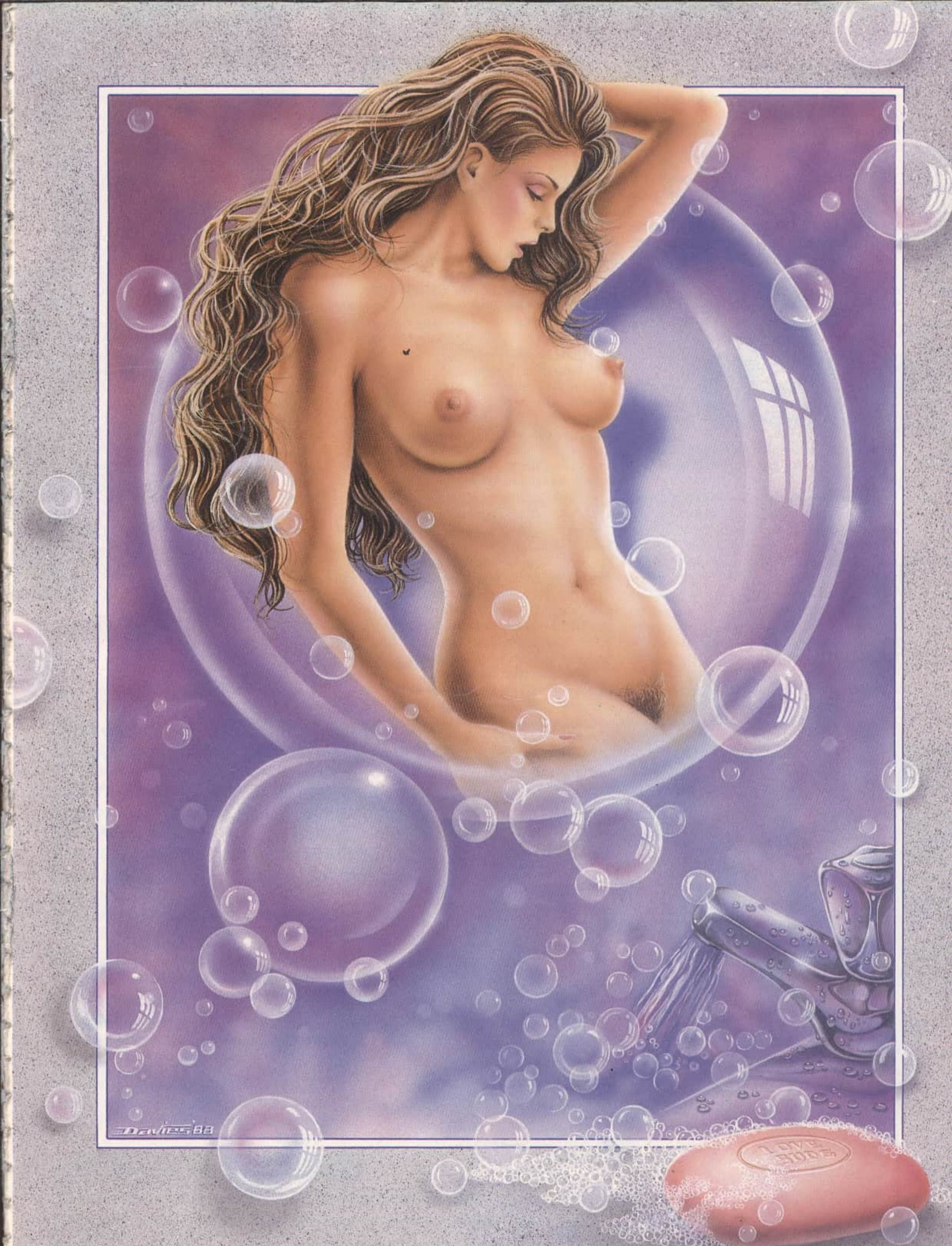
She grinned down, 'Horny.'

That brought his hands down. 'You are . . I mean . . It's . .'

'Well, *you* were horny — how else did I get here? I'm what you made me . . you did want to make me, didn't you?' She put her hands on her hips, tilted her hips forward a little.

'I didn't, don't . . Look, do you have a name or something — are you a . . nymph?' She grinned.

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL DAVIES


Davies 88
LOVE SUDS

SOAP DISH

'Er, I mean, a ghost or a. . a. .'

'FAIRY?' she supplied. 'IMPerial Leather? LIFE. . BOY?' She looked between her legs. 'No, it wouldn't be that one.'

He tried to remember myths. 'Mermaid, naiad, succubus. .'

'DRY-ad?'

'Will you stop doing that?' He glared.

'I quite like the sound of succubus. So nice: Suck you b-'

His lips drew tight. She thought for a few more seconds, then announced, 'I'm Soapia Loren.'

That *did* bring a laugh from him, instantly silenced as she squatted down to stare into his eyes. 'You *liked* that one?'

Suddenly everything seemed not just odd, but dangerous. His expression made her move backwards. 'Don't you like me?'

'I — I don't know you.'

'But you were thinking of me.'

'When? I haven't. . Oh.' For he suddenly remembered a dream face, and the image of *those* lips wrapped around him when the bubble. . . 'It *was* you.'

'You only just recognised me?' she said sadly.

'You had no clothes on. . I mean, I made you up.'

'You haven't made me *at all*,' she reminded him, and reached to touch his face. He jerked back. She looked down, and her attention stayed there, soon joined by her hand as she touched his semi-erect cock. He flinched, but not because she felt cold or strange, only at the surge of pleasure in him; her fingers moved soft and slow on him to bring him erect in moments.

He closed his eyes. 'You're not real.' The gentle fingers tightened. 'You're not,' he lied.

She rose, moved forward, and lowered herself. He felt his cock sliding up into her: wetness, warmth. Her thighs were round his hips, her knees touched his chest. Andrews didn't see how the bath was wide enough for this; on the other hand, Andrews didn't care.

Her body remained still, but suddenly it felt as if a strong hand were holding the entire length of him, a hand that moved upward, making him groan. *A shark swallowing a man*. She slapped his cheek; he stared at her.

'I'm not a shark.'

'You — you can read my mind?'

'What there is of it — and only the low points. Which is most of it.'

'I didn't mean —'

'I know, you're sorry. Stop talking so much; if I have to wait for you to finish your excuses, we won't get anything done.' Her vagina began its trick again, closing his eyes, and mouth, tight. She leaned forward and put her lips to his. She tasted of soap. His lips quirked, her head snapped back. He knew from the frown she would wear, opened his eyes to see brimming eyes and a trembling mouth. He reached out and held her arms, was astonished to find them solid and real despite their transparency. He pulled her to him and kissed her. Her arms went round his neck, her breasts flattened against his chest, her soapy tongue invaded his mouth — this time he ignored the impulse to push her away.

Her vagina never stopped its rhythmic motion, Andrews began to push his hips upward as he felt the start of orgasm. She drew back and stared at him. 'Ready?' she spoke quietly.

He could only nod, holding the sides of the bath as he pushed into her. If he'd thought she held him strongly up to now, it seemed she'd been playing, because the suction was suddenly almost painful — and very, very rapid. In seconds he was groaning loudly, his arms grown rigid, shaking with effort.

Then Andrews came into her, endlessly; his buttocks slammed up and down, drumming the bath. 'Fuuuuuck,' he shouted out.

'Tut', she said calmly, her sloe eyes fixed on him. 'I should wash your mouth out with soap.' She bent forward and her full breast was pressed against his lips. He took it hungrily into his mouth; her skin was as taut and smooth as that of a real woman, the nipple was erect and hard. So close, he could see the film of soap that was her skin, as it swirled and shifted under the electric light, like oil on water. She moaned at his caressing tongue, put her hand behind his head and pulled him hard into her. She no longer tasted of soap; now it was perfume; she was a houri, an odalisque steeped in rare spices; he swallowed and swallowed. 'Uh, uh, uh,' the breath shuddered from her in response.

Without warning she levered herself off him, took hold and massaged him slowly as he continued to suck at her full breast. 'Men always like this,' he heard her say.

He stilled his tongue, freed her breast so he could speak. 'Men? Other men?'

She looked away. 'I wouldn't say that.'

'What does *that* mean?'

'I just wouldn't say it. I'm not one for talking.'

'Straight down to it, right?'

'Straight down *on* it. . and why are you snarling?'

'I thought, well that I was the only one to do this. .'

'I think others have discovered it,' she said thoughtfully, still stroking. 'I'm sure they have.'

'I meant, with you. I thought I was the one who made. . who created you.'

'But you are,' she assured him. A moment later she added, 'This time you are.'

'You did it again!'

'I can't help it. I'm a terrible liar — everyone sees through me.'

'Now it's *everybody*!'

She cocked her head as she fondled him. 'I think there's a sect that never washes, and abstains from sex. . I suppose one follows the other, really.' She shivered at the idea. He stayed silent and she took advantage of the pause, leaning down to put her mouth on him, instantly proving that her talented muscles weren't all located below her waist.

He moaned and thrashed under her tongue, then his hands slid down her back to hold her hips. She turned one eye to his face; he pantomimed his wish. She thought deeply about it for at least a whole second, then she began to shift awkwardly round. The lubricious slipperiness of her body made it hard for him to help, to hold, or to guide her into position.

Then she was inverted on him, her soapy stomach against his chest, her hands on his thighs, one shapely leg against each of his ears. He pulled her to him and took an experimental lick of her. Her vaginal lips opened to his tongue; he licked harder, thrusting his tongue past the uncurling lips, into her, seeking the core of her as her lips widened.

Her mouth clamped on him and she sucked just

turn to page 67

PICASSO
PISSED AS A NEWT
PERIOD

MAYFAIR
1989 Diary
Forward reminders

Make a double date

Twelve of *Mayfair's* most popular models are waiting to make a date with you — in fact 365 dates. *Mayfair's* spectacular new all-colour calendar for 1989 offers you a different girl each month — like delicious Davina Hill (Vol 21 No 11), *right*. For just £2.50 (including postage and packaging) this unbeatable 13½ x 8½ in calender can be yours.

Or, if you'd prefer to keep the same girls close to your heart, send for the 1989 *Mayfair* diary. For just £2.10 (p + p included) this pocket-sized 52-page volume gives you a full-colour girl picture each month, easy-to-see one page a month entry, forward planner, telephone and address section and a mass of indispensable information, including a vintage wine chart.

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SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Fair and Square

Welcome to yet another innovation in *Mayfair*. You will notice that this month the magazine has a square back binding that you normally only find on our big Christmas issues and our specials like *Best of Mayfair* and *Girls of Summer*. This form of binding had always looked stylish and precise but it really needed very big issues to make it economic. Our printers, Artisan Press, have installed amazing new binding techniques and we are now able to produce all issues of *Mayfair* in this elegant looking way. It is one of the few occasions when being square is also being stylish.

Our cover girl this month is 21-year-old Amanda Forbes, one of the most sensational black models to hit the scene. And we're not the only one to think so. She was recently voted the *Daily Mirror* Dream Girl for 1988 from 5,000 competitors, the first black girl to win a national newspaper beauty contest. These days though, the *Mirror* doesn't show much of their models — even nipples are banned from their pages. But Amanda doesn't believe in hiding herself away to that extent. As well as totally topless pictures for *The Sun* and *Star*, in the past she has also posed nude. Don't tell Mr Maxwell but starting on page 39 you can see those very photographs. Of course the pictures were taken some time before Amanda won the *Daily Mirror* title, but we're sure you'll agree you can spot her potential, and a few other good things besides.

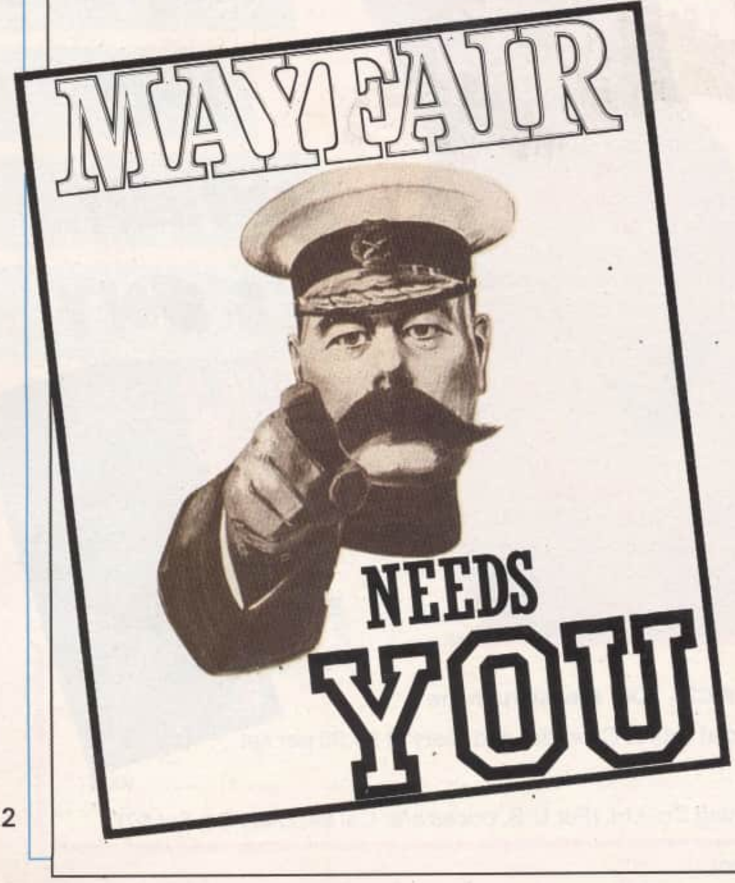
Joking aside

There can be few more terrifying moments for the unwary than having to stand up and make a speech. The mouth goes dry, the mind goes blank and the body decides to reward its audience with a spectacular display of shaking and stammering. The art is simple preparation, and now Ivor Spencer, President of the Toastmasters Guild is around to whisper advice in your ear. He has produced a cassette of advice for the budding speaker based on his unenviable experience of listening to over 30,000 different speeches. *Unaccustomed As I Am (How to Make a Speech the Easy Way)* costs just £4.95 and teaches the 12 basic rules including proper preparation, speaking clearly and slowly, not fidgeting and being brief. We'd only quibble with rule three, 'don't tell blue jokes'. That would be half our material gone. *Unaccustomed As I Am...* is available from Soundsell, 10 Alfred Place, London WC1E 7EB.

Hi-fi rules, Akai?

Fancy a new stereo? Television on the blink? Always wanted one of those videos that freezes the filthiest frame of your collection with *Mayfair*-style pin-sharp clarity? Well, now you can replace the lot at once. For 10p less than £2,300 Akai are now offering their top range TV, video and midi-system all together and nearly as well stacked as Maria Whittaker. The midi system features twin tape decks, CD player, record deck and digital amp. The video offers two speed recording, hi-fi sound and perfect picture and the TV is a mere 28 inches of flat screen and teletext. What's more they're all controlled by remote so you don't have to leave your armchair all evening. It has to be the ultimate seduction machine. All you need now are remote controlled soft lights and an automatic drinks cabinet and you're away. Full details from your Akai dealer.

CALLING ALL SERVICEMEN



Dear Servicemen,

It is unusual for me to address a personal letter to the readers of *Mayfair*. However in the past months I have been concerned by an increasing number of letters from servicemen in all parts of the world who report that organisations who normally do so much to provide home comforts are not stocking *Mayfair*, which, after all, is one of the Forces' main sources of enjoyment.

I believe the reason is that many of these shops are run by very worthy organisations. I am personally very well aware, as an ex-National Service Infantry Officer myself, what an excellent and unselfish job these organisations perform. At the same time I have, over the years, received many unsolicited letters of thanks from colonels of regiments and commanders of air stations, thanking me for the boost to morale that *Mayfair* has given servicemen, particularly in hostile and depressing areas of operation. We were, after all, well represented in the Falklands.

It is not my practice to crusade against censorship. I believe what is acceptable in publishing is what is acceptable to the public at large at the current time. *Mayfair* is totally acceptable to all booksellers in Britain and in 27 foreign countries. It is quite intolerable if you cannot buy on your air station a magazine that is freely available at every bookstall on British Rail stations.

I would like you therefore to tell me of factual instances where *Mayfair* is not available at those outlets that cater for servicemen's needs. I need exact facts and figures and details if possible of the organisation that runs the operation.

I am proposing to discuss the strength of our argument with such outlets and hopefully will persuade them of a reasonable course of action. I am, however, prepared to have the matter raised in the House of Commons as an issue of freedom.

I look forward to hearing from you. All your replies will be treated in the strictest confidence.

Kenneth Bound
Editor

Appalled by Paula

One of the best selling issues of *Mayfair* was Vol 23 No 3 featuring ex *Grange Hill* schoolgirl Paula Ann Bland. Since then, many of you have written in to ask what Paula's doing now. The answer is upsetting Hastings Care and Prayer Group. Paula has been appearing in the touring version of *Funny Peculiar*, the play that launched the stage career of Linda Lusardi, to rave reveiws — until she got to Hastings that is. The Care and Prayer group found the play in which Paula scampers about the stage in naughty undies so steamy, they want it banned from the resort along with all others like it. They said it 'glorified the lack of control of man's emotions' and said anything else of 'dubious moral standards' should not be shown at the theatre. Readers who would like to lose control of their emotions might like to catch the play when it appears near them. Meanwhile it's good to know that the spirit of the Windmill (see feature on page 62) lives on.

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JOHN
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with
Heather Williams
Mike Burnside
Scott Bennett
Star of BBC TV's GRANGE HILL
PAULA ANN BLAND As 'Shirley'
G: THIS PLAY CONTAINS SCENES OF NUDITY

PAULA ANN BLAND FROM VOL 23 NO 3 AND THE PLAY OF HERS THAT SOME HASTINGS RESIDENTS SAID 'GLORIFIED THE LACK OF CONTROL OF MAN'S EMOTIONS' (SEE APPALLED BY PAULA). HAVE YOU LOST CONTROL YET?

Bicycle made for three?

Also in Hastings, though sadly after Paula's departure, we spotted this ad in the newsagents window: For sale: Just £30. One bi-sexual bicycle . . .

It obviously goes both ways.

Wines

Charles Fforde

Muscadet abroad has never lived up to its reputation in France. Its very appearance on a wine list is guaranteed generally to produce an inward shudder from British wine lovers who equate the name with bland nothingness. It was not until I met Louis Metaireau at a tasting of his *Muscadet* in the rather smart and rather 'in' *St Quentin* in Brompton Road, Chelsea, that I had a chance to ventilate my long misgivings about what they call the *Melon de Bourgogne* in France, and had them finally, and quite irrevocably, laid to rest.

The problem is to do with the pettilance, or fizz, that *Muscadet* has, and most of all, the lees. *Muscadet* is bottled *mise sur lie*, or on its lees, born of the tradition of tasting the New Year's wines by November 11 (St Martin's Day) to show what they are like after fermentation. Lees, of course, is the technical name for sediment which gives it a delightful freshness on the palate. But, and it is a very big but . . . if you move the wine it loses its gas. Therefore, a *mise sur lie* in a shipper's cellars is, to put it mildly, ridiculous. The trouble is that the law itself does not distinguish a proper *mise sur lie* (one done at the grower's) from that at the shipper's. Louis Metaireau has endeavoured to combat much of the angst it all arouses by insisting that his *mise sur lie* are done in the presence of a notary, with the lees level, and the number of bottles drawn, properly attested.

Louis Metaireau et Ses Vignerons, a co-operative, is the name given to nine growers in the best part of the Muscadet region; Sevre-et-Maine. It all began 31 years ago when three of them decided to get together and pool common knowledge, capital, and labour. The collective owns the *Domanie du Grand Mouton*, besides seven properties individually owned by members. Average annual production is from 800,000 to a million bottles.

Each winemaker is responsible for cultivating his own wines, making his own wine, with total control over his product from harvesting to marking initials on the corks. The association then comes in and selects the best *Cuvees* from each of its members. It promotes them and represents every individual effort in the export drive.

Metaireau is something of a guru. A wine grower who had never made wine, he says, is like a woman who has never had children. He admits that a wine can't please everybody, and agrees that his group tend to make the product they want as opposed to what the public thinks it should be. For example, they are always against commercially acceptable notions of high alcohol content, and the ceiling is now set at 12 per cent under penalty of losing the coveted *appellation*. The Metaireau maxim is that 11 to 11.5 per cent is enough. Excess (alcohol) adds nothing whatsoever to the wine. Muscadet man, Jon Winroth, sums it up. 'The slightly untamed character and vivacity do not come from the alcohol but the soil, the vine's age, and the winegrower's skill.' The very last thing Muscadet *vignerons* want is too much sun. That produces sugar and therefore alcohol.

I sipped Metaireau's *Cuvee Number One*. It wasn't bland, it wasn't uncertain, and that pristine freshness was all in the mouth, just as M Metaireau insists. A mix of sulphur and fruit, but this wine does require food to be taken with it after a couple of glasses. I do not think it a quaffing wine, as they say. There is always a tendency for acid overbalance on a partially filled stomach.

St Quentin also sells the *Cuvee IM* — they are both around £6. Frankly, I didn't find this as inspiring. The tastes notes said it was a perfect complement to fish. I would not be quite as superlative about that, but would concur that it is a good cocktail party wine.

On balance, even after this new research and well-run tasting, I do not think the word 'elegance' applies to *Muscadet*. 'Supple', 'fresh' — stopping short of 'flowery' — yes, but it's taste is cardinally one of dried fruit to me. However, we are awaiting the 1986 *Metaireau Grand Mouton* at both *St Quentin's* branches in Brompton Road and Cheval Place close by, as well as *Harrod's*.

The *Melon de Bourgogne* has much to live down; it will never be a classic grape like *Cabernet Sauvignon* or, indeed, *Chardonnay*, but if you shop for it in these exclusive redoubts here in London I do think you will be more than pleasantly surprised.

Travel

Ian Marlowe

The British desire to go abroad is unabated, yet Old Father Thames remains a magnet for many. Towards the end of last summer I took a week off, caught a coach outside *The Athaneum Hotel* in Piccadilly, near Hyde Park Corner, then was driven to the

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

other side of Oxford, stopping for a cream tea, en route, to Shillingford Bridge. There I met the *Actief*, a reasonably capacious Dutch barge, her skipper and general handyman Richard Evans, and Richard's three Girl Fridays, who cook, clean, and serve.

The other nine passengers were all Americans. They included Ted Reid, a former director of Washington Zoo, and his wife. As we nudged downstream to our first mooring at Moulsford under lead-laden September skies, the cerebral calm of river living fell gently over us. Time to stand and stare, to read books, to chat — there are tables and chairs on the foredeck, and a banquette-lined fore cabin/dining room.

The *Actief* was bought by Jonathan Parratt very much with the American market in mind. The six nights aboard take in the stretch of the river between Wallingford and Windsor, interspersed with land tours; a historical/pubby mix, and some good food served from the barge's galley.

I joined our American cousins for the tour of Oxford, and sighed with them under the dreaming spires. Our guide pointed out Christ Church college: 'Not the oldest but the grandest . . .', College Chapel — Oxford's cathedral, Henry VIII's Great Mall with its wood vaulted ceiling, Tom Quad, and Wren's Tom Tower.

The American's giggled when 'tea' was announced. 'Do we get to see a cricket game?' says Warden. They don't immediately because tea was taken on the lawns of Milton Manor, a 17th century Inigo Jones house by a picturesque lake, after which we were given a personal tour by the owner and were shown the world's largest teapot.

Moving on in South Oxfordshire Ted Reid sighted his first Kingfisher.

We moved into our mooring at Pangbourne, right by *The Swan*. 'Culture's all right, I guess, but the English pub, y'know . . .' smiles Warden, leading us off behind Captain Evans in the van.

Richard Evans had the whole thing banged to rights. We were greeted enthusiastically at all the stopping points. Ten people, plus crew, is never a crowd.

English breakfasts, three course gourmet dinners, lunches mostly out. That's the format. One day we looked at the racing stud at Hardwick, glimpsed Mapledurhan House, the model for Toad Hall of *Wind In The Willows* fame, and lunch at Sonning, before touring the tiny village on foot by the horse chestnut trees.

Soon the rest of the passengers realised there is no compulsion on the *Actief*. Everything is optional. You can spend the whole week aboard if you wish. 'But,' says Eleanour, Ted Reid's wife, gazing at a bankside, wild rose draped, cottage terrace. 'Although you don't *have* to take every trip, you do. You would never get to see these places normally . . .' And she's right. I live just by the river, permanently, yet I have never been to 85 per cent of the places within an hour's motoring distance from my own cottage before!

A river trip carries a feeling of vicarious trespass, of peeping into people's back gardens, into houses which are screened by lichen-covered front walls and hedges. People tend to undergo a renaissance of good fellowship afloat. There was a solitary sculler to our left (port!); a 'lorelei' disported herself on the shiny pine of a fast launch, and waved back. We were mini-bused into Maidenhead Thicket to look at Courage's Shire Horse Centre, and delayed returning to our Henley mooring. Richard said we would probably be too late for tea at Medmenham Abbey. We all looked dutifully chastened.

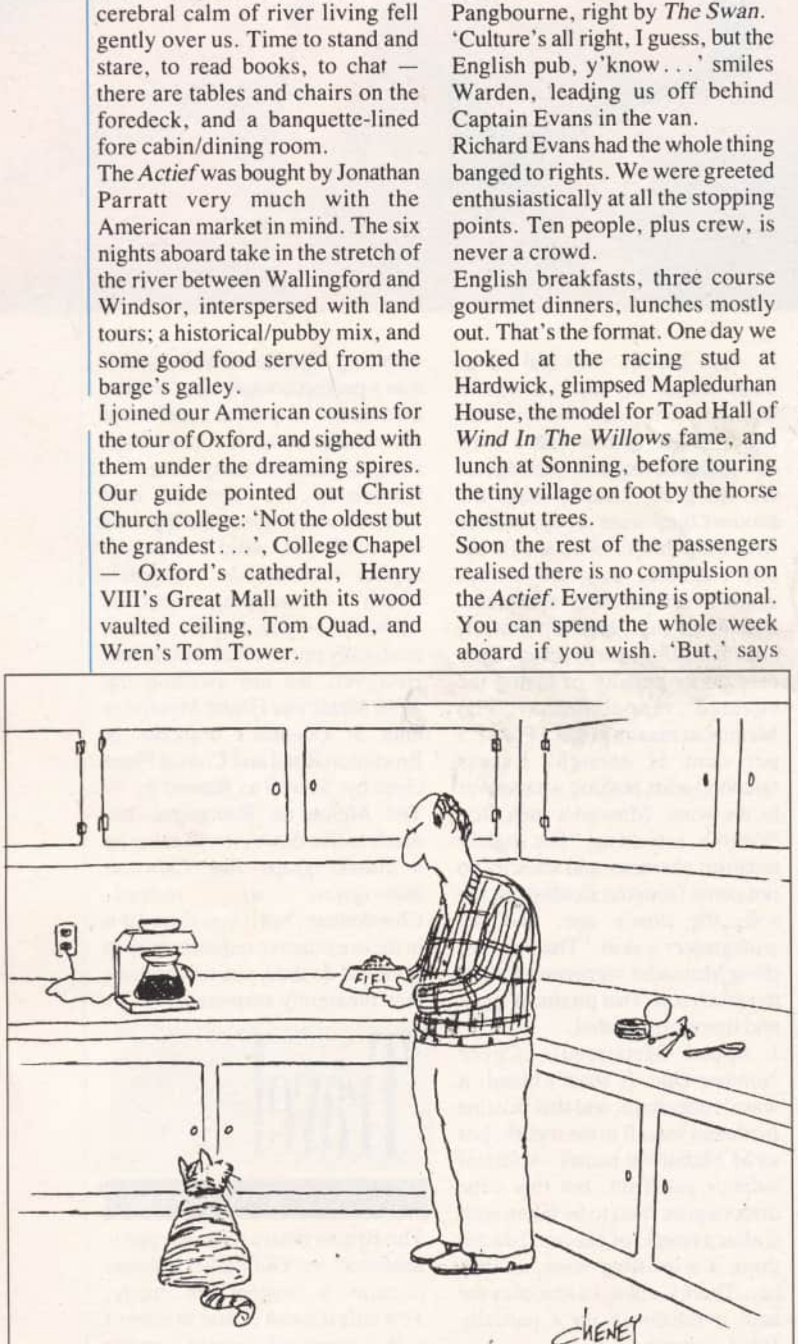
It was too late, but why not moor at the bottom of the garden? Mrs Rogers, the owner's wife, suggested, and was it not time for a sherry? Medmenham achieved fame of a kind in 1750 when Sir Francis Dashwood formed the Hellfire Club there and had debauched gatherings and girls brought down from London, by river. The sherry glasses were held out for a re-fill.

We dined aboard, drank at the *Dog and Badger*, and were first through Hurley Lock in the morning. We visted Peter Freebody's boatyard and engaged on another walking tour — this time of Hurley with its 13th century Tythe Barn House and *Ye Old Bell*, founded in 1135 for visiting monks.

Marlow Lock, Canada geese, *The Compleat Angler*, Clivenden Reach, Cliveden toured in the rain, Cookham, Bourne End, Boulter's Lock, Bray, Monkey Island, Windsor, and Eton College. Quite a week.

Trips on the *Actief* are bookable from Abercrombie & Kent, Sloane Square House, Holbein Place, London SW1. (01) 730 9600. From £825 high season six nights, and £445, three nights. All tours, food and wine aboard, lunches out included. ■

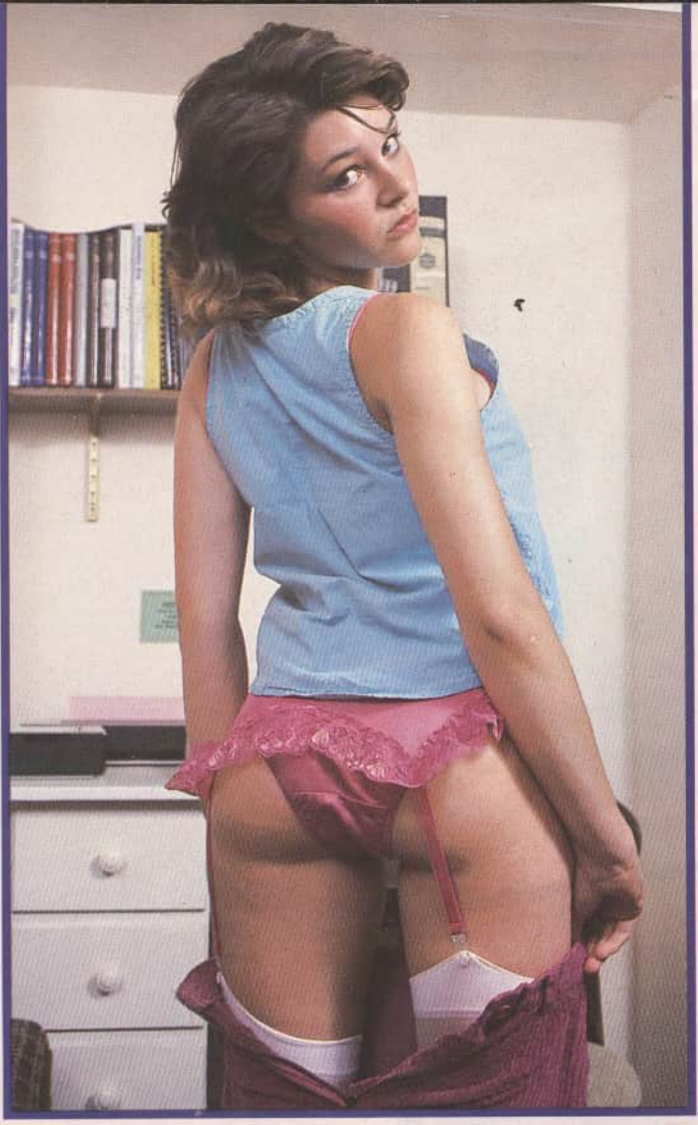
AS EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS, THE FIRST MAN TO SWIM THE CHANNEL WAS CAPT MATTHEW WEBB (SEEN ABOVE). WHAT NOT SO MANY ARE AWARE OF IS THAT HE WENT ON TO TRY AND SWIM ACROSS NIAGARA FALLS — AN ATTEMPT THAT LED TO A WATERY GRAVE. MORE FOOLHARDY NIAGARA CROSSINGS ARE FEATURED ON PAGE 32



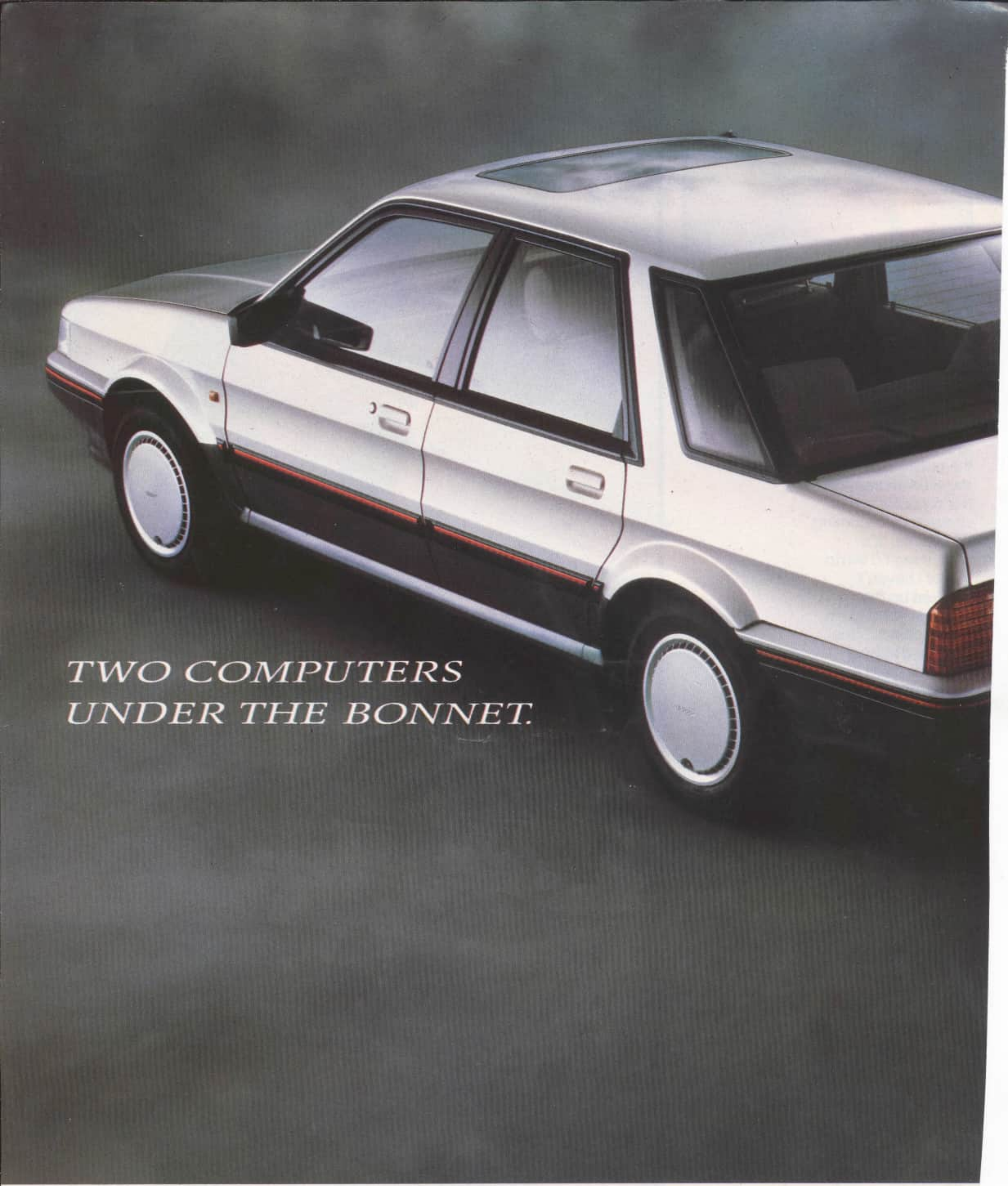
'I hope you appreciate how many jobs are resting on your acceptance of this product.'

Cheryl

When it comes to trusses, there's not a lot that Cheryl Oakwood couldn't tell you about them. 'Not the personal ones,' she laughed. 'No, I mean *roof* trusses — you know, the wooden frames you find in your attic.' Since leaving Kent Technical College last year, 36-24-35 Cheryl has been working for a firm of timber merchants as their secretary. With her looks, we think she'll raise the rafters.



Cheryl is no stranger to appearing before the public. She excelled at drama at her school and has designs on becoming an actress. 'It's something I'd like to try but I haven't plucked up the courage yet to go to any auditions.' She also used to be a majorette, and even won a 'poise and personality' prize in a contest. We think Cheryl is on a winning streak!



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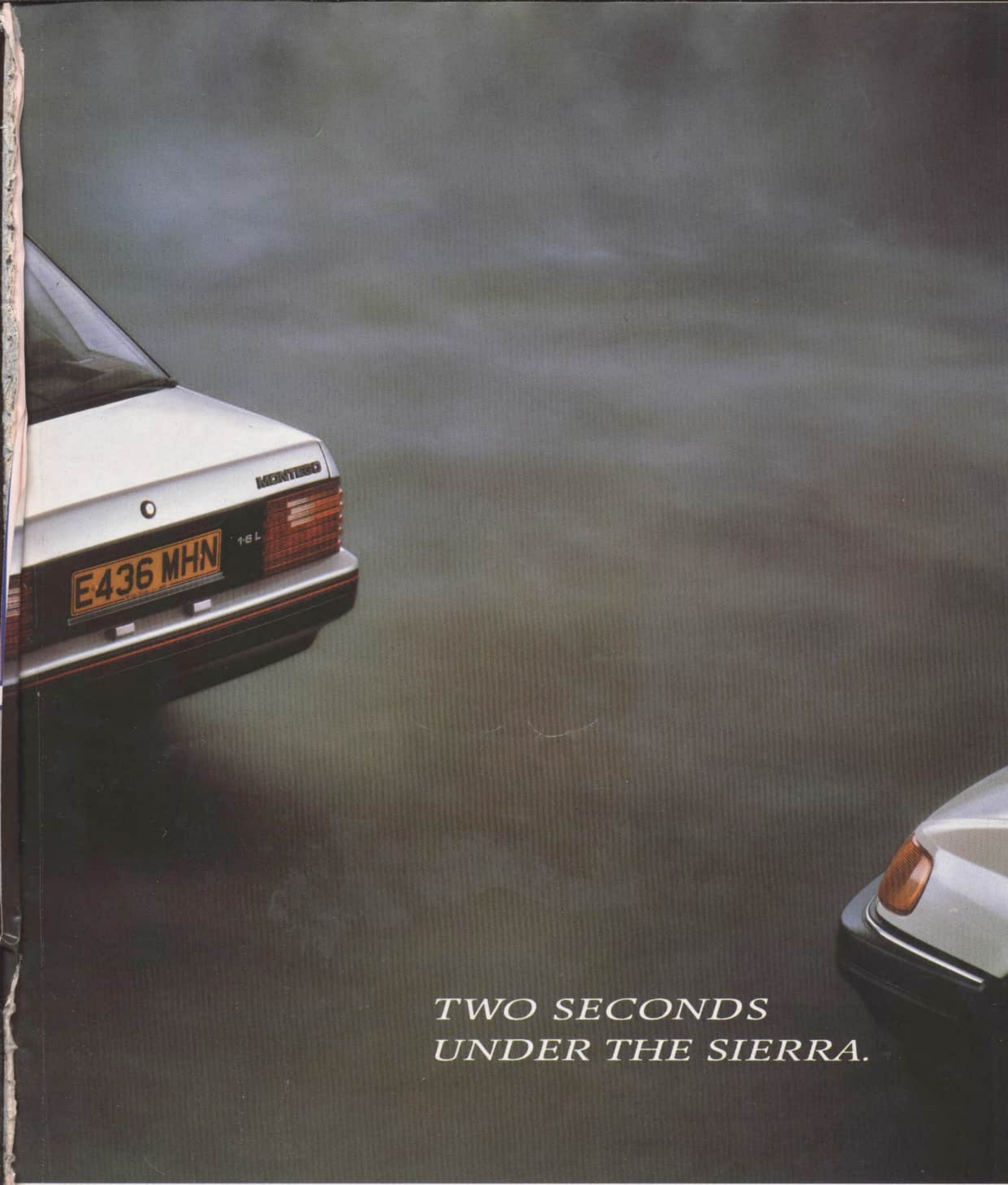
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OVER THE TOP

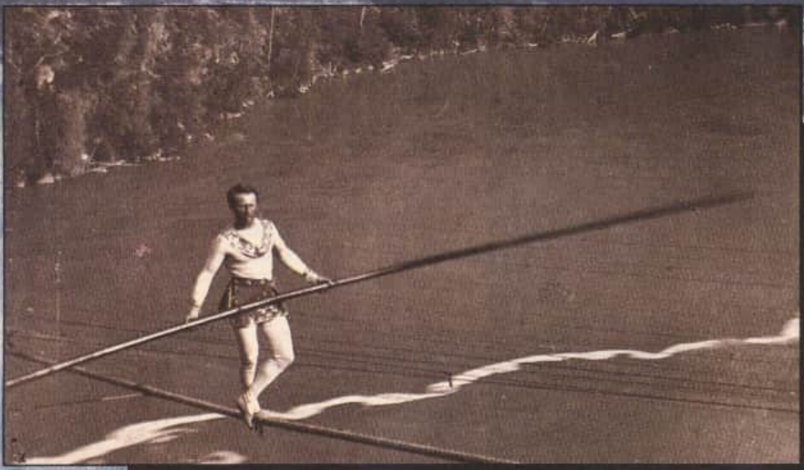
Most famous of all waterfalls, Niagara has inspired feats of recklessness and courage for over 150 years, from the ropewalking of Blondin to the drops braved in barrels, car inner tubes, or nothing at all/By Gerald Rawling

It was promptly at five pm on the afternoon of June 30, 1859 when, with the tightrope in position, Jean Francois Gravelet, a French circus artist of international repute and better known under his stage name of The Great Blondin, stepped forward with a 40 foot balancing pole to assist him in the most famous tightrope walk of all time. He was physically a bigger man than Harry Houdini, who in that esoteric world of show business stuntmen was his only possible rival, but he had the same muscular physique.

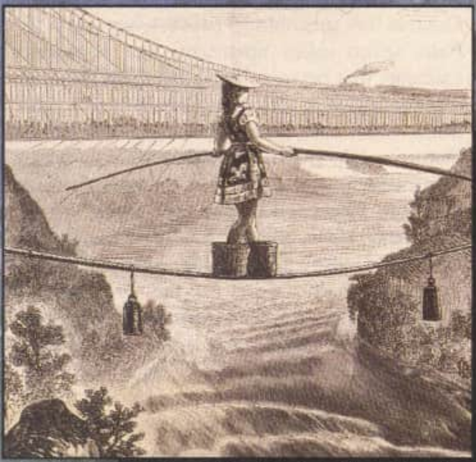
The rope was stretched across the Niagara River some distance below the actual Falls, and, should he have fallen, his descent into the raging torrent beneath with its rapids and eternal boiling mist would have been somewhere between 200 and 250 feet. But to such an experienced tightrope walker, the exercise was such a cakewalk that he had to put in some extra thrills for the estimated 100,000 watchers to show how dangerous they *imagined* it was. Both ends of the rope were supported by guy wires leading back to the shore, but the unsupported centre section was less stable, and here Blondin put on a great act of swaying and hesitating, to the numbed horror of his gallery. Half way across he lowered a rope to the boat *Maid in the Mist* in the river below, hauled up a bottle and sat down to refresh himself. As if that were not enough, in the last few yards of his upward approach to the farther shore he executed a backward somersault.

The effect of these antics on the spectators was extraordinary. Men cried out, women fainted and those closest to the rope pleaded with him to end his attempt. When he finally touched solid ground again — just 18 minutes after he had left it — an ecstatic crowd swept him away to a champagne reception. Fortified with alcohol, he promptly skipped and danced his way back across the river in less than seven minutes. It was perhaps the most memorable day at the most memorable of all waterfalls.

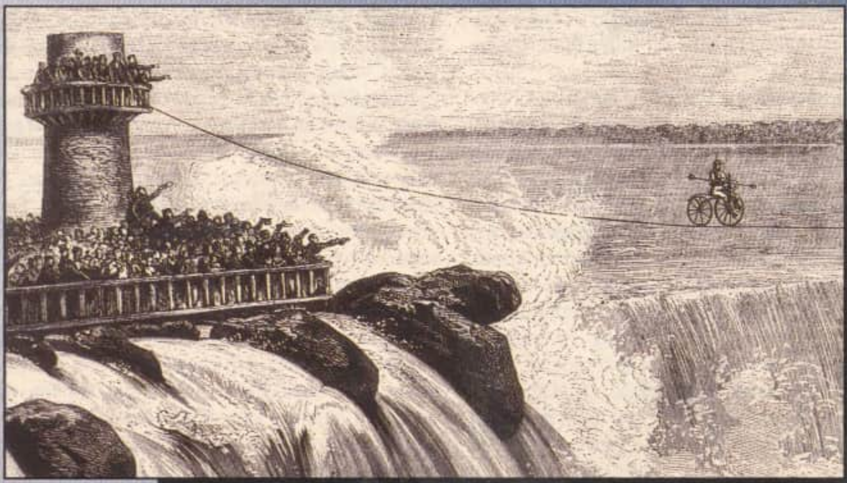
Yet, despite its fame, Niagara stands relatively low on the totem pole of waterfall statistics. In terms of height of fall it comes a lowly 49th, though it reaches number three as far as the sheer volume of water flowing over it is concerned. It consists, moreover, of not one but three distinct falls. Linking Lakes Erie and Ontario, the Niagara River divides just above the Falls and flows around Goat Island. On the eastern (American) side the river flows over the American (or Schlosser) Falls which have a width of 1,050 feet and a drop of 184 feet. There is a small division caused by the tiny Luna Island to provide the narrow Bridal Veil Falls. On the western (Canadian) side you get a curved crest-line, some 2,215 feet in width, called the



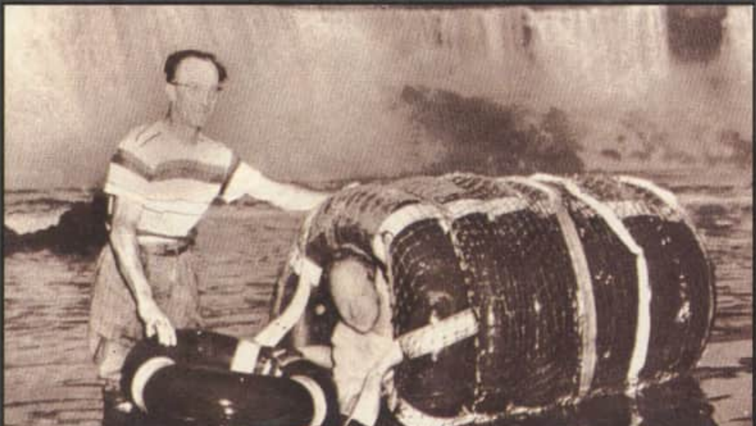
Blondin crosses the Niagara River in 1859 — the first ropewalker ever to achieve the feat



Maria Spelterini, first female ropewalker, shod in baskets



Blondin's pioneering exploits spawned a host of imitators, including this velocipede rider



'Red' Hill went over the Falls in 1951 in this contraption of inner tubes. He did not survive

Horseshoe Falls, with a drop of 176 feet, and a 'plunge basin' below, carved out by the cascading waters to a further 180 feet in depth. That magnifies the total drop over Horseshoe Falls to 356 feet.

Niagara Falls was first formed some 12,000 years ago after the retreat of the glaciers in the last great ice age, leaving the predecessors of the present day Great Lakes, which overflowed. The escaping water found what is known today as the Niagara Escarpment, and carved its way through by means of a gorge, cutting through a top layer of hard dolomite. But underneath that dolomite were layers of softer shale, sandstone and limestone. Thus the endlessly falling waters eroded the softer rock, and the hard cap was undermined, eventually disintegrating and each time moving the Falls a bit further back upstream. Since its inception at present day Queenston, Ontario the 'crumbling' process has taken the Falls seven miles upstream, and geologists calculate that between 1764 and 1964 the Falls were receding at something like 40 feet a year. Since then, however, Man has intruded on Nature with hydro-electric schemes which control the flow of water, and the pace of erosion has been slackened to one foot a year on the Horseshoe Falls, and practically nothing on the American Falls with its lesser volume of water.

The very first reports of the existence of Niagara Falls, as far as Europeans were concerned, came in the early 17th century from explorers, fur traders and missionaries, none of whom saw the spectacle, but heard about it from the indigenous Indians, mainly the Neutre tribe, so called by French Canadians because they occupied a neutral position between the warring factions of the Hurons and the Six Nations of the Iroquois. The unfortunate and peace-loving Neutres were wiped out in 1649 by the Senecas, one of the Iroquois tribes, but they left behind one tiny footnote in history, for 'Niagara' is a Neutre Indian word meaning 'Thundering Waters'.

The first white man actually to see and describe the Falls was one Louis Hennepin, who travelled with the great French explorer, La Salle, to Lake Ontario in 1678/9. His description is worth quoting in full:

'Four leagues from Lake Frontenac (now Lake Ontario) there is a incredible Cataract or Waterfall which has no equal. The Niagara River near this place is only the eighth of a league wide, but it is very deep in places, and so rapid above the great fall, that it hurries down all the animals which try to cross it, without a single one being able to withstand its current. They plunge down, a height of more than five hundred feet, and its fall is composed of two sheets of water and a cascade, with an island sloping down. In the middle these waters foam and boil in a fearful manner. They thunder continually . . . the noise which they make is heard for more than fifteen leagues.'

One of the first wirewalkers, a man named Dixon used a one inch wire in 1890

But it was not to be the French or the British, who replaced them as rulers of Canada, but the Americans who first realised and exploited the possibility of Niagara Falls, both as a tourist attraction and a powerhouse. It was the opening of the Erie Canal, a waterway designed to bypass the Falls and open up a route from the Great Lakes to the St Lawrence River and thus to the Atlantic, which really put Niagara Falls on the map in the sense that reaching it became relatively easy for both trader and tourist.

The canal, largely brain-child of De Witt Clinton, sometime Mayor of New York and later Governor of New York State, was opened in 1825, and the Canadians did not lag far behind. By 1832 they had their own Welland Canal to serve the same purpose on their own side. By 1836, horse-drawn railways linked Niagara with the nearest towns in up-state New York, Lockport and Buffalo, for the convenience of tourists, and by 1840 steam locomotives were on the scene. Suddenly Niagara Falls became an essential part of the fashionable 'Northern Tour', which took in Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

Schoolteacher Annie Taylor survived the Falls in a barrel full of pillows on October 4, 1901

Although industry was attracted to both sides of the river because of the cheap power sources available, tourism was the chief attraction in the area, and by the early 1820s there were already three hotels established, while Niagara Falls was fast becoming a favoured location for honeymooners. Somewhat later Oscar Wilde would write in his habitually cynical way: 'Every American bride is taken (to the falls) and the sight of the stupendous waterfall must be one of the earliest, if not the keenest, disappointments in American married life.'

However true that may have been, it was certainly the hotel owners who started the craze for the stunt artists and 'daredevils', who risked their lives in competing either with the Falls themselves or the torrential rapids below. Perhaps encouraged by the legendary story of Seneca Indians casting adrift their Huron prisoners in a canoe to meet their unpleasant deaths over the the Falls, they acquired a superannuated Lake Erie schooner called the *Michigan*, loaded it with a dozen or so wild animals and advertised that the vessel would be cast adrift to plunge over the Falls on September 8, 1827. The event duly took place before an estimated crowd of 10,000 and the schooner, along with its animal crew, was duly smashed to pieces in the rapids below.

It did not take long for this idea to catch on. Two years later, the first stuntman appeared on the scene, prepared to risk his life in the cause of show business. This was a fellow called Sam Patch. He was a 'leaper', that is to say a feet first diver, who would jump from near incredible heights into water. He chose to erect a 100 foot tower at the base of Goat Island and leap into the waters of Niagara River below the Falls. He did it twice successfully, despite hitting the water at 60 mph and risking death if he did not achieve a perfect feet first entry. But the public response was poor.

All that changed with Blondin. Here was not a mere stuntman, but a world famous professional artist and showman, over in the United States at the invitation of PT Barnum, no less. His name alone guaranteed an enormous crowd, and his first rope walk, as we have seen, was a triumphant success.

Somehow, the thrills of the first crossing could never be entirely recaptured, but throughout that summer of 1859 he continually repeated the exploit with ever more daring variations. He crossed his rope on a bicycle, walked it blindfold, crossed with his feet in buckets, then with his hands and feet manacled. He did it pushing a wheelbarrow, and, on one occasion, stopped to cook an omelette in the centre.

But his most stupendous feat was on August 19 when he announced that he would make the crossing carrying his manager, Harry Colcord, on his back. According to Colcord, who must have been a very brave man, the trip was a nightmare. In the unguyed centre section the pair began swaying violently and, for once, involuntarily. Blondin had to break into a desperate run

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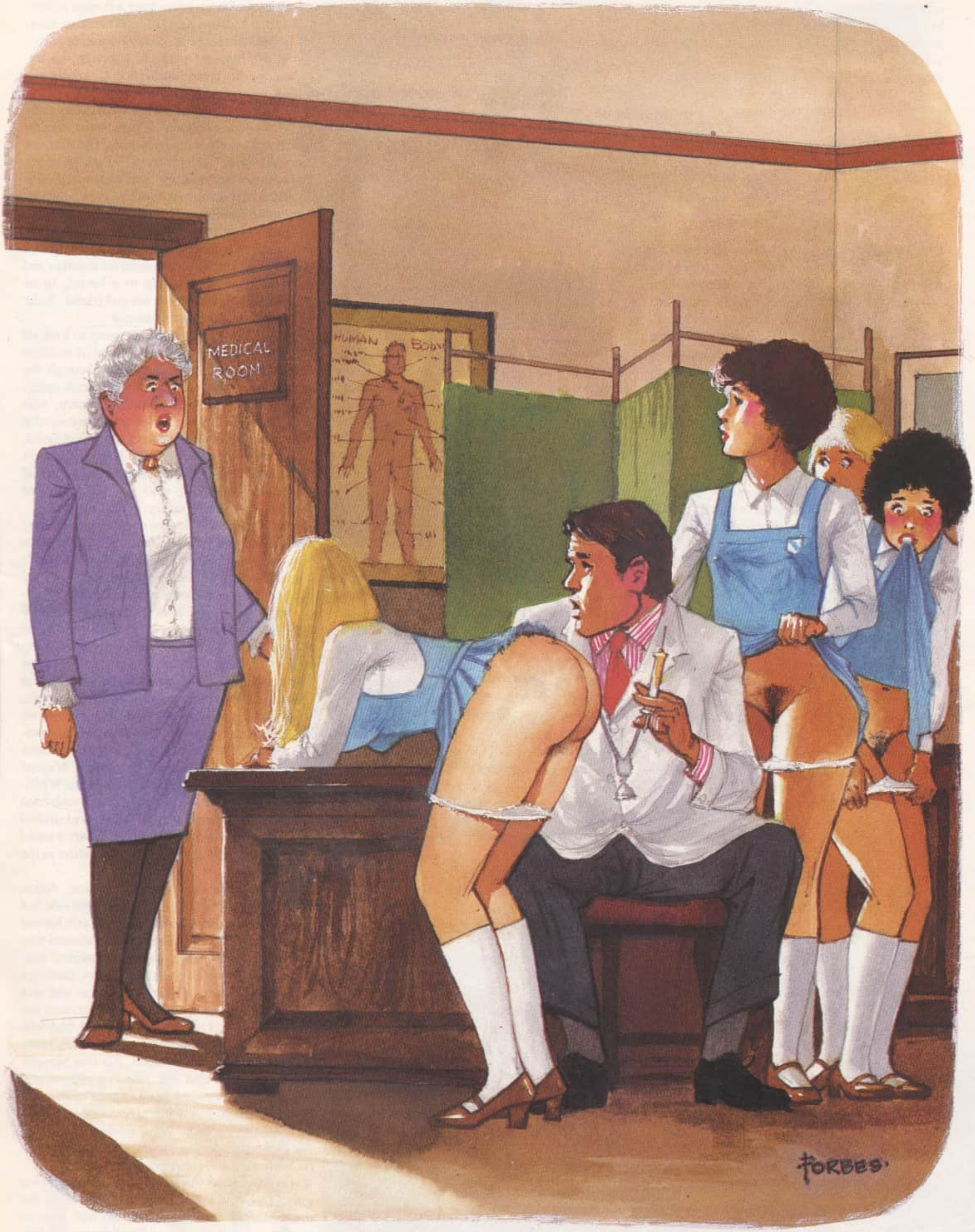

MEDICAL ROOM
HUMAN BODY
FORBES

'I don't care, Dr Tompkins, what modern medical practice recommends, in this school the Sixth Form netball team has its flu jabs in the arm . . .'

continued from page 34

to reach the first guy rope. When he did it immediately broke. Once more the pair swayed alarmingly as Blondin rushed for the next guy. Reaching it, Blondin ordered Colcord to get down. The terrified manager got one foot on the vibrating rope, thus relieving Blondin of his weight while the great acrobat rested. Then they were off again. In all Colcord had to dismount six times while Blondin fought to gather his strength. Finally he had to throw himself into the crowd to prevent the mass of people pushing him back into the precipice. It was the closest the Great Blondin came to disaster at Niagara.

But the following year Blondin repeated his exploits, including a command peformance before the then Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, again carrying a man on his back. He offered to repeat the stunt carrying the Prince, but the offer was politely declined. After that Blondin left the scene to continue his career in England, where he offered vicarious thrills to crowds at the Crystal Palace, and eventually died in his bed at the age of 73.

In the meantime, Blondin fever had caught on and a host of imitators climbed on the band wagon, duplicating most of the great man's stunts and in some cases surpassing them, but never managing to steal the limelight from the Great Blondin himself. The earliest imitator was another veteran circus performer, William Leonard Hunt, who billed himself as Signor Farini. He too carried a man across. In 1876 the first *woman* rope-walker, a 23-year-old Italian girl called Maria Spelterina, performed the feat so effortlessly she had to resort to walking backwards, putting a paper bag over her head or wearing peach baskets on her feet to add drama. Since most of the performers were professionals it is perhaps unsurprising to report that the only rope walker to lose his life was an amateur, one Steve Peere, a local man from Niagara Falls, Ontario. He tried the innovation of using a steel hawser rather than a rope, and made several successful crossings, but then mysteriously disappeared, until his body was discovered on the rocks below, some days later. What actually happened is uncertain, but informed guesswork suggests that he rashly attempted a night crossing in street shoes and after a few drinks.

But high wire enthusiasts were not the only daredevils on the Niagara scene. There were the rapids below, running through the gorge as far as Queenston, and, just before you reached it, a semi-circular but cul-de-sac type basin called the Whirlpool, carved out by the Niagara River some centuries before, where the furious waters revolved in unending circles. The first rapids stunt occured almost by accident in June 1861, when the second of many pleasure boats named *Maid of the Mist* came up for sale. These vessels — somewhere between a launch and a small steamer — plied around the relatively calm basin immediately below the Falls, carrying passengers provided with waterproof clothing for protection from the dense, spray. One of the conditions of the sale was that the boat should be delivered to Queenston and, for a fee of 500 dollars, Captain Joel E Robinson, and a couple of brave crewmen, agreed to take her through the rapids rather than have the boat 'portaged' overland. It was a big enough boat to have a steam engine, so they raised steam and set off, almost immediately being lost to the sight from viewers at Niagara, when they hit the roughest part of the rapids. In the furious race of water and rocks, she lost her funnel and most of her deck fittings, but made it to Queenston in one piece. It was a near incredible performance and one nobody would try to repeat for a long time.

Blondin carries his manager across the Niagara River, 1859

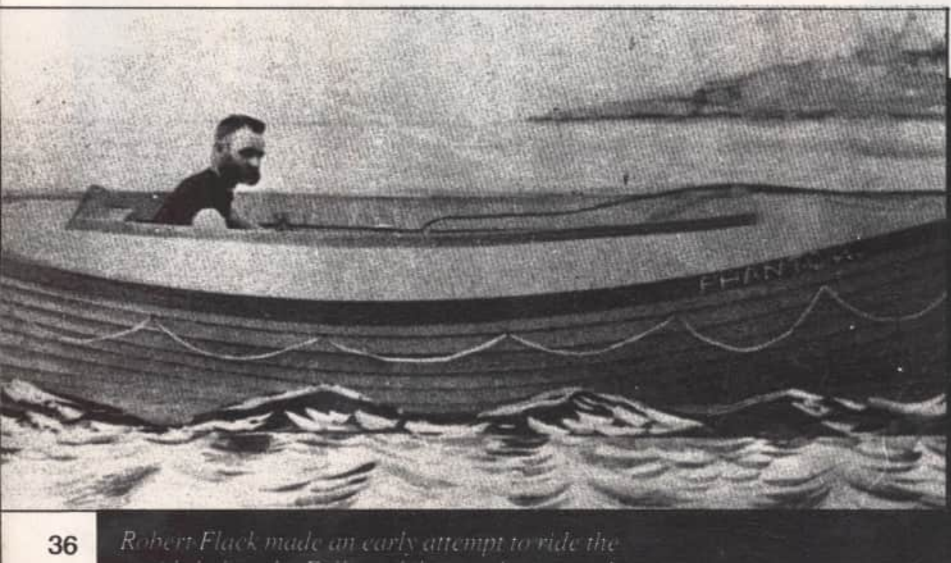
After that came the swimmers who thought they could cross one of the roughest stretches of rapids in the world. First was Captain Matthew Webb, the first man to swim the English Channel, in 1879. He took on the Niagara Rapids in July, 1883 at the age of 45, swam a few powerful strokes and then was swept away. They found his body four days later a few miles down at Lewiston. Three years later a Boston policeman called William Kendall tried the same stunt, but he had the sense to provide himself with a strong life-line and made it, although, understandably, he never attempted to repeat the exploit.

After that came the earliest of what can only be called the 'barrel stunts'. These were initially concerned purely with the rapids. The first one was Carlisle D Graham from Philadelphia. He was a cooper and, as such, was well qualified to construct his own seven-foot barrel in which he successfully rolled and bumped his way through on July 11, 1886, and on several further occasions. A month later George Hazlitt and William Potts crammed themselves together and made the first double trip in a barrel, to be followed by Hazlitt taking his girl friend, Sadie Allen, along in the same manner.

By now barrel travel was beginning to look all too easy, and, in 1887, a new breed of reckless rivermen appeared, taking boats through the rapids. This was a much more difficult enterprise, but the earliest, Charles A Percy, who constructed his own 17-foot craft, managed it three times before opting for a safer livelihood. Two imitators experienced disaster, Robert Flack, who drowned when his boat capsized, and Walter G Campbell, who lost his boat, but managed to swim to safety.

Perhaps the most ludicrous stunt was devised by Peter Nissen in 1900, who had the incredible idea of running a *passenger* service through the rapids in a boat with the unbelievably apt name of *Fool Killer*. After two dummy runs, fortunately without passengers, the *Fool Killer* was so badly damaged that she was out of commission. On the second trip, 'Captain' Nissen, after drifting around aimlessly in the Whirlpool for several hours, eventually got near enough to the shore to jump and swim for it, thus bringing to an end the story of the most unlikely passenger service on the American continent. The other barrel travellers through the rapids are of particular interest because they were women. Martha E Wagenfuhrer made it in 1901, picked out of the Whirlpool bruised but alive. Maude Willard who tried the same year was unlucky. The barrel drifted around in the Whirlpool for hours before it could be hauled in. She had died of suffocation in the meantime.

That same year saw another woman, Annie Taylor, a school teacher, make the first ride in a barrel over the Falls. Friends tried to talk her out of it, saying that it was an over-complicated way of committing suicide, but she remained adamant. She did agree on a dummy run, putting a cat into the barrel of her own choice, and was quite unperturbed when the barrel survived but the cat didn't. On October 4, 1901 she was strapped into a barrel, along with padding in the form of pillows and cushions. Air was pumped in and she was cast off. She bumped around unmercifully against rocks and midstream boulders and probably lost consciousness before she took the big drop. But she was lucky in that she drifted near enough to the Canadian shore to be hooked in and released, battered but alive.



Robert Flack made an early attempt to ride the rapids below the Falls and drowned as a result

It was around ten years before anyone else tried going over the Falls in a barrel, but when the craze started again there was no lack of contenders. The first was an Englishman, Bobby Leach, who went over the big drop in a steel barrel. He survived, but was so badly injured that he took six months in hospital to recover. Capitalising on his experiences, however, Leach

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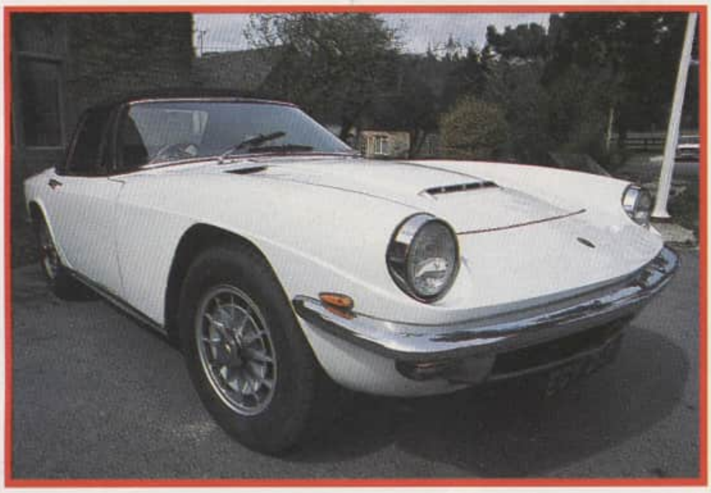
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOANIE ALLUM

CAROL

Anyone who has thrilled to the grinding, evocative theme music of BBCTV's drama-documentary *The Duty Men* might be forgiven for thinking that any glamour in Customs and Excise is confined to burly men dogging the footsteps of devious drug smugglers. But that is before encountering 21-year-old, 34-23-34 Carol Dean.

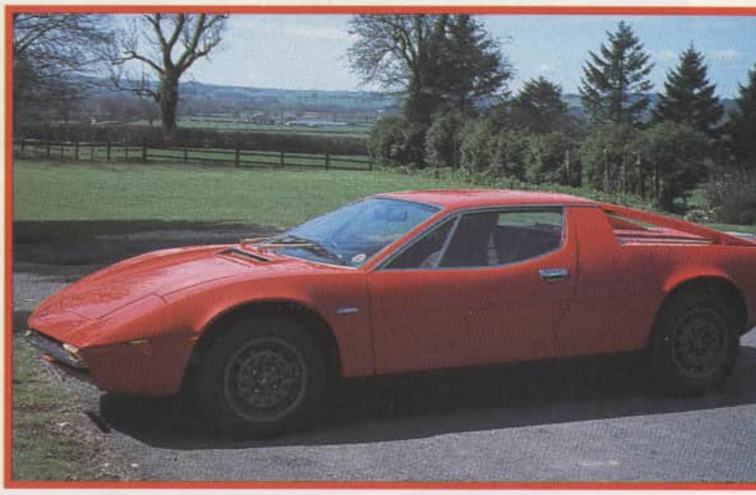
'Unfortunately I was one of the dreaded VAT people, chained to an electric typewriter in central London,' says this lively, leggy blonde from the Weald of Kent. 'But I used to go out with someone who worked at Heathrow Customs. He used to try and make me jealous saying how he picked out all the prettiest girls to do strip searches of — which, of course, male Customs officers aren't allowed to do. Mind you, *I* wouldn't mind having a go if someone really hunky came through the gate!'

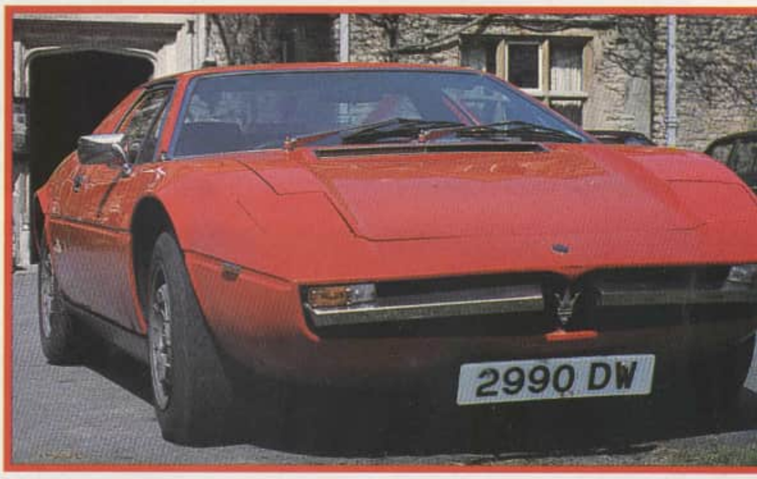
Temping now, Carol confines her excitement to her social life around her native Tonbridge. 'I can be quiet for days then all of a sudden break out and go mad. I'm a typical Gemini.' On mad days she haunts clubs like *Da Vinci's* in Tunbridge Wells or popular pubs like *The Spotted Dog* at Speldhurst. 'You always know when I'm in — the noise level shoots up. But it's only the way I declare myself!'



Above left: First seen in 1967, the Mistral replaced the Frua spyder and berlinetta. Its six cylinder 4014cc 3.7 litre engine was housed in either a coupé or spyder body styled with straight lines and smooth surfaces and a very large rear window.

Three pictures right, and main picture and bottom right: Several views of the Maserati Merak. The model was first introduced at the Paris Show in 1972 and has a centrally mounted engine in a longitudinal position. This V6 2965cc unit was derived from the SM and produces 190bhp at 6000rpm and a top whack of 150mph.





Motoring with William Boddy

Photographed by Ed Alexander

Make dreams your Maser

Maserati is one of the truly great Italian makes — its very name sounds like a high-revving engine. Men like Moss and Fangio drove Grand Prix winners, but its dream cars are sports models of surpassing beauty and shattering performance

The Italian (as if it needs saying!) Maserati can be classed as one of the world's more exclusive motor cars. The Ferrari is on everyone's lips for exotic super coupés, as the top speed of road-going autos rises to beyond 150mph; and the auctioneers love the older Ferraris. The Maserati is an equally race-orientated product, but less frequently encountered. One hopes that those who attend the more important motor races derive solid satisfaction from driving to and from the circuits in a car of the same make as the winner who takes the chequered flag.

If this is true, like going in a Jaguar (no matter how old) to Le Mans this year, or arriving and

YLL 8

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Clockwise from left: Named after the African wind, the Khamsin is a two plus two design with a five litre, V8, front mounted engine capable of 175mph and 320bhp. The Ghibli was built to a Ghia design and has the 4.7 Mexico engine with 330 bhp at 5000rpm and maximum speed of 175mph. Another Maserati Khamsin. 'Star' of the 1971 Geneva Show, the Bora is a two seater coupé with a centrally mounted 4.7 litre supersquare V8 engine giving 310bhp at 6000rpm and top speed of 175mph. The 3500GT had a six cylinder in-line 3485cc engine and 220bhp at 5500rpm.

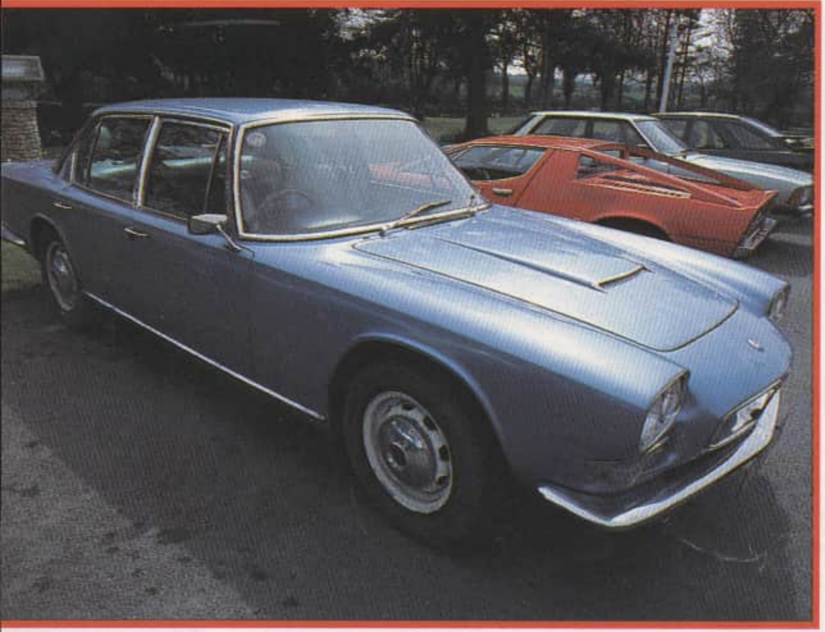
departing in a Renault 5 at the time when Renault was leading the way to a new era of Turbo Formula One racing, then to race-go in a Maserati must, time and again, have been bliss . . .

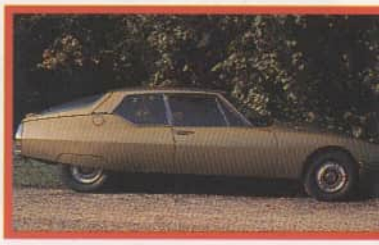
It all began in Bologna long ago. Maserati is the story of the Five Brothers. They were Carlo, Bindo, Alfieri, Ettore (like Bugatti) and Ernesto. Carlo died, after racing on two and four wheels and working for Fiat and Bianchi. Bindo and Alfieri had worked at Isotta Fraschini, and during World War One they had made Maserati sparking plugs which, if you collect old spark

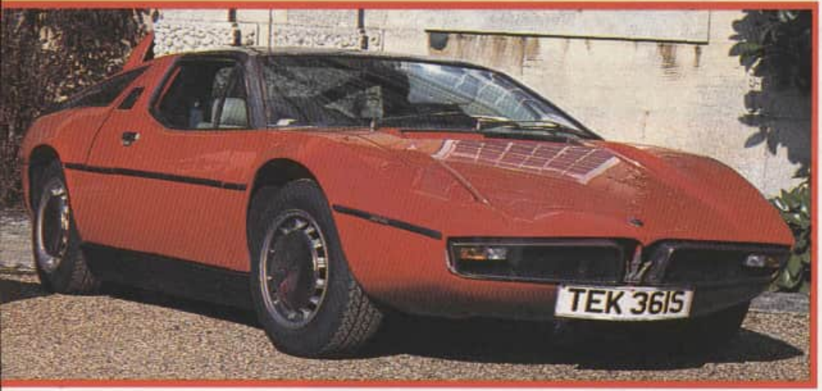
plugs (as I do), should be in your collection (but are not in mine).

In 1919 Alfieri ran a garage, and as he had worked on racing cars for Diatto, he was able to build a rather nice-looking 2 litre straight-eight cylinder racer for them, in the mid-1920s. Then Diatto went out of business and the Maserati brothers took over and continued to make competition cars. Thus were born the celebrated and so successful Maserati of the circuits, subsequently driven by the greatest of racing aces, Nuvolari, Stirling Moss, Fangio, the list is virtually endless. These racing Masers, built so meticulously by Alfieri, Bindo and Ernesto, made a very large slice of motor-racing history and came in all manner of engineering permutations. Who will ever forget the beautifully proportioned Maserati 250F, the Colombo-designed 2½ litre, which took Juan Manuel Fangio to his 1957 World Championships and was very much the workplace of Moss. These great cars and others of their kind, still race in appropriate events organised by the Vintage Sports Car Club and other enthusiasts.

Busy building so many and diverse racing cars, the Maserati factory, which moved from Bolongna to Modena in 1928, had very little time to spare for making sports cars. Those they did make were very rare and highly coveted. They were road-burning editions of the racing Maseratis; those A6G and A6G/2000s. It wasn't until 1947 that Maserati sports cars became a serious proposition. By then the Maserati trio had departed to join OSCA. They had found a buyer for Maserati in Adolfo Orsi. Before that, such sports Masers as there were had been cars with adaptations of the usually supercharged twin overhead-camshaft racing engines favoured by







Top left: This 1968 Quattroporte's classic lines hide a high level of interior finish and a V8 4719cc Mexico engine. Its maximum power output is 290bhp at 5000rpm with a top speed of 153mph. The model was first seen in 1963. Middle and bottom left: The Bora, with its squared and aggressive lines. Right: First seen at the 1966 Turin show, the Ghibli has fold-away head-lights and light alloy wheels. Top right: This 1950s 2000GB has a four cylinder engine and sports chassis. Middle (top and centre): A V6 Citroën Maser.

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Make dreams your Maser

them, in the same capacity sizes up to three litre straight-eight. They were scarce indeed and the Tipo V4, a 4 litre, 305bhp, 16 cylinder confection with two eight cylinder blocks on a common crankcase which was given a Zagato two-seater sports body was a one-off.

As often happens, change of ownership showed itself in a change in the cars. The sports car on the Maserati stand at the Geneva Show in 1947, the A6, had a single-cam six cylinder, unblown power unit. However, the speed of some 95mph was not to be passed by and the specialist body-builders took to the idea of exploiting their wares on a chassis with such a renowned name. By 1952, the twin cam theme from the circuits was back in the 2 litre A6GCS. But the triple carburettor A6G2000 reverted to a single 'upstairs' camshaft and even had synchromesh gears. But these sports Masers were very small in output.

Grand Prix racing had become very costly by 1957 and Maserati was obliged to go for sports/racing cars, and it was from that time on that the Modena Company began to make its name in the field of fast, exciting and exotic road cars.

With the six cylinder 3500GT, the age of the Grand Touring car dawned, providing what was definitely a detuned version of the progressively-developed racing power-pack. This formed a basic Maserati product for over half a decade. The tubular chassis with coil-spring independant front suspension and a live back axle followed the Italian concepts of the day. This model did well in the North American Sebring races, so the Vignale coupé edition of the GTI was called simply 'the Sebring' Maserati. It used Lucas fuel-injection for the 3500GTI, an innovation for a road-going car at the time.

Maserati ran a compact, specialised factory and did not want to know about bodywork. So nearly all the great names in Italian coachbuilding put shells on their chassis, notably Touring of Milan. This injection GTI was a 135mph car with a power output of 235 net bhp. It had a five speed gearbox, when these were a hallmark only of the top cars, or a Borg Warner automatic for one's wife or mistress. The trend was underlined when over 2,000 GTI's found customers, whereas during the racing car era only about 125 sports Maseratis were sold.

Thus encouraged, the ploy to use up remaining racing engines was adopted, resulting in the highly exciting vee-eight, four-cam 5000GT, able to do up to 170mph, and 0-60mph in 6½ seconds, which was going some in 1960! Allemano built most of the low-hung, sleek coupé bodies on 32 cars of this kind, which Maserati used to attract prestigeous owners, like the Shah of Iran. When the Sebring began to date, the Mistral with Frua coupé body was announced, using a big 3.7 litre development of the now well-established six-pot motor, or even a 255bhp 4 litre, if required.

Maserati then tried a clever gambit. Well into the super-fast, super car market, they wooed extra sales by what was then a unique breakaway. It was the Quattroporte, which was a full four-seater using a detuned 4½ litre engine based on the 450S sports/racing car power unit. At a time when it was customary for wealthy young bloods to drive coupés, their parents could now luxuriate in a 130mph Maserati saloon. It had necessitated boxing and stiffening the tubular chassis and designing a De Dion back-end. The latter did not work out, and was replaced with old-fashioned, half-elliptic springs and a live axle. Another new model was shown at Turin in 1965, the Mexico. Using Quattroporte techniques and a choice of more highly souped 4.2 and 4.7 litre vee-eight engines, this was a close-coupled fast-seater coupé by Vignale. It is said, though, that only 250 Mexicos were sold.

War torn Europe was years in the past and speed limits were a restriction belonging to the future. So super cars, judged on a subtle combination of appearance and performance, were in increasing demand. To counter the competition from Ferrari, Iso and Lamborghini, another skillful move was made. Maserati brought out the head-turning Ghibli Ghia coupé, a smooth two seater, shorter and very quick. It was available in fast-back or openable guises poking out 330bhp at 5,000rpm. More than 1,200 people found the money for one, and they could have a 4.9 litre engine if they really wanted to burn up the *autostrada*. Whether bought for its four retractable headlamps or for its 174mph, it was quite a car . . .

That took Maserati into the early 1970s, and along with the Ghibli, the Indy was a 2 plus 2 seater coupé between these two models and the Mexico.

By now things were changing. In 1968 Maserati became linked to Citroën. They built a V6 engine for that company's luxury SM model and, when mid-engined coupés became the fashion in top performance cars, Maserati used this power pack for their Merak, but their own-concept 4.7 litre V8 for the unitary-construction Bora, which had a 5 speed transaxle. For the more conventional who wanted a front-engined car, there was the 1972 Khamsin, a 4.9 litre 2 plus 2 coupé, the first Maserati bodied by Bertone, who had been used previously by Iso and Lambo.

The nineteen-seventies were a bad period for Maserati. Citroën abandoned them in 1975 and finance and sales were slender. A revival came when de Tomaso took Maserati under the wing of his own super-car company. A quick rethink produced the Maserati-engined Kyalami, a mildly restyled de Tomaso Longchamps, and the Quattroporte that had been dropped was revived as the Mk.II four-door (hence its name) super-saloon, with some Kyalami throwback. The last Maserati I drove was a Merak SS, in 1980, when some of the Citroën influence was still evident and the price was £23,621. Like the curate's egg, it was good in parts, better for boulevards than cross country dicing.

Since then the car with the Trident badge (Neptune's trident being the Bologna symbol) has taken on a new lease of life, with the Biturbo. Less brutish than former Masers, it surfaced in Italy in 1982. Maserati (UK) told me they hoped to sell more than 300 in 1987/88. As its name implies, the Biturbo has twin turbo-chargers for its front-located 91.6 x 63mm light-alloy 2,491cc V6 engine. This very over-square three valve-per-cylinder engine gives 192bhp at 5,500rpm and 220 lb/ft torque at 3,000rpm. The rear-drive concept involves a 5 speed ZF gearbox, MacPherson strut/trailing arm suspension, using coil springs, power rack-and-pinion steering and disc brakes all round. Top pace is 122 mph in open Spyder form, with 0-60 mph in 7.6 seconds. But it seems that handling and ride are no better than on the Merek SS, although for open air addicts here is an unusual Zagato sports car, available for £28,795. A two door coupé and four door 425 are also offered and more recently the 2.8 litre V6 Karif has been added, claimed to be the Maserati's first real high performance car since the Bora, a 150mph confection for you, if you have some £40,000 to spend on a car. The famed Trident of the race circuits rides proudly again!

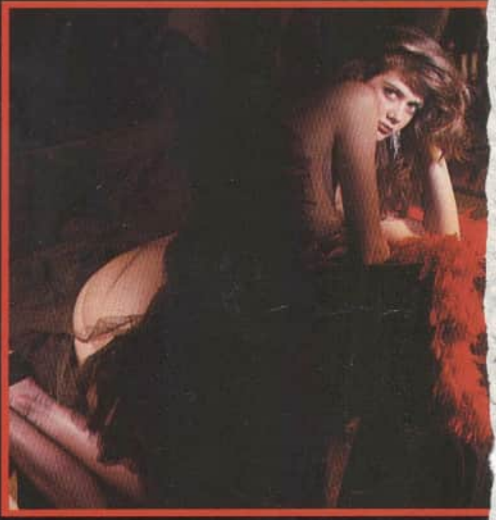
For those who wish to know more, the address of the Maserati Club Secretary is: Michael Miles, The Paddock, Old Salisbury Road, Abbotts Ann, Andover, Hampshire, SP11 7NT.

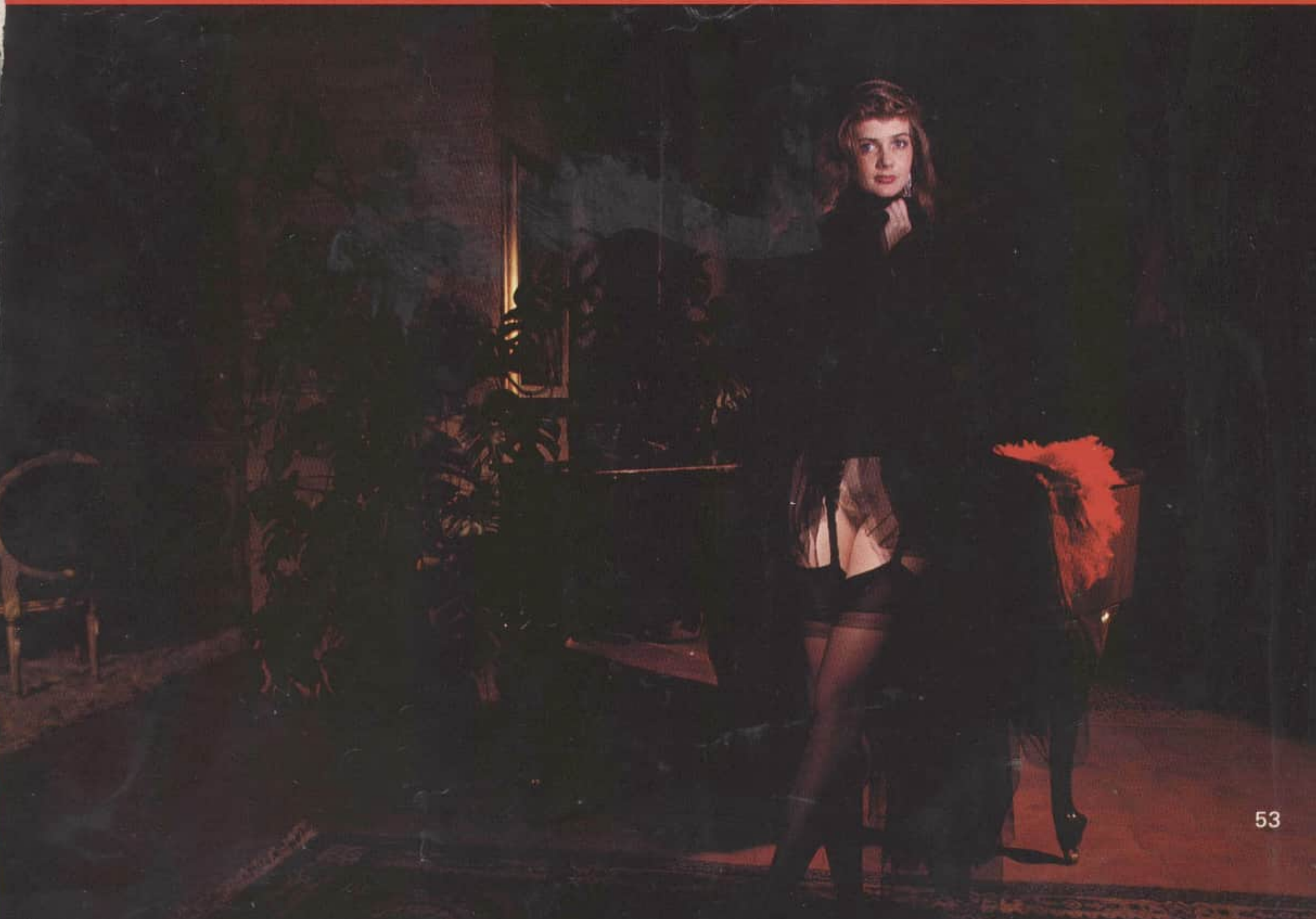
'It's one of those lazy days — perfect for sins of omission.'

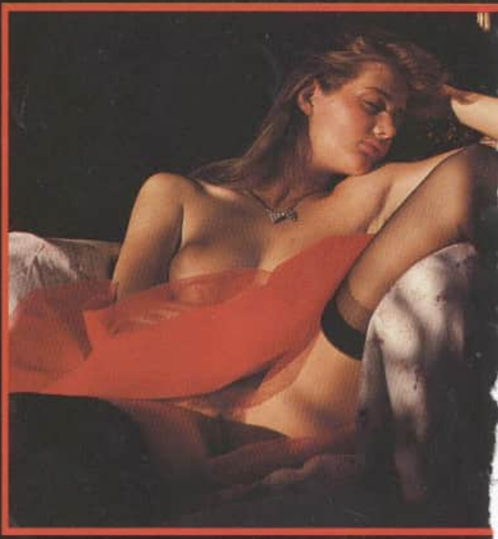
Isabel

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

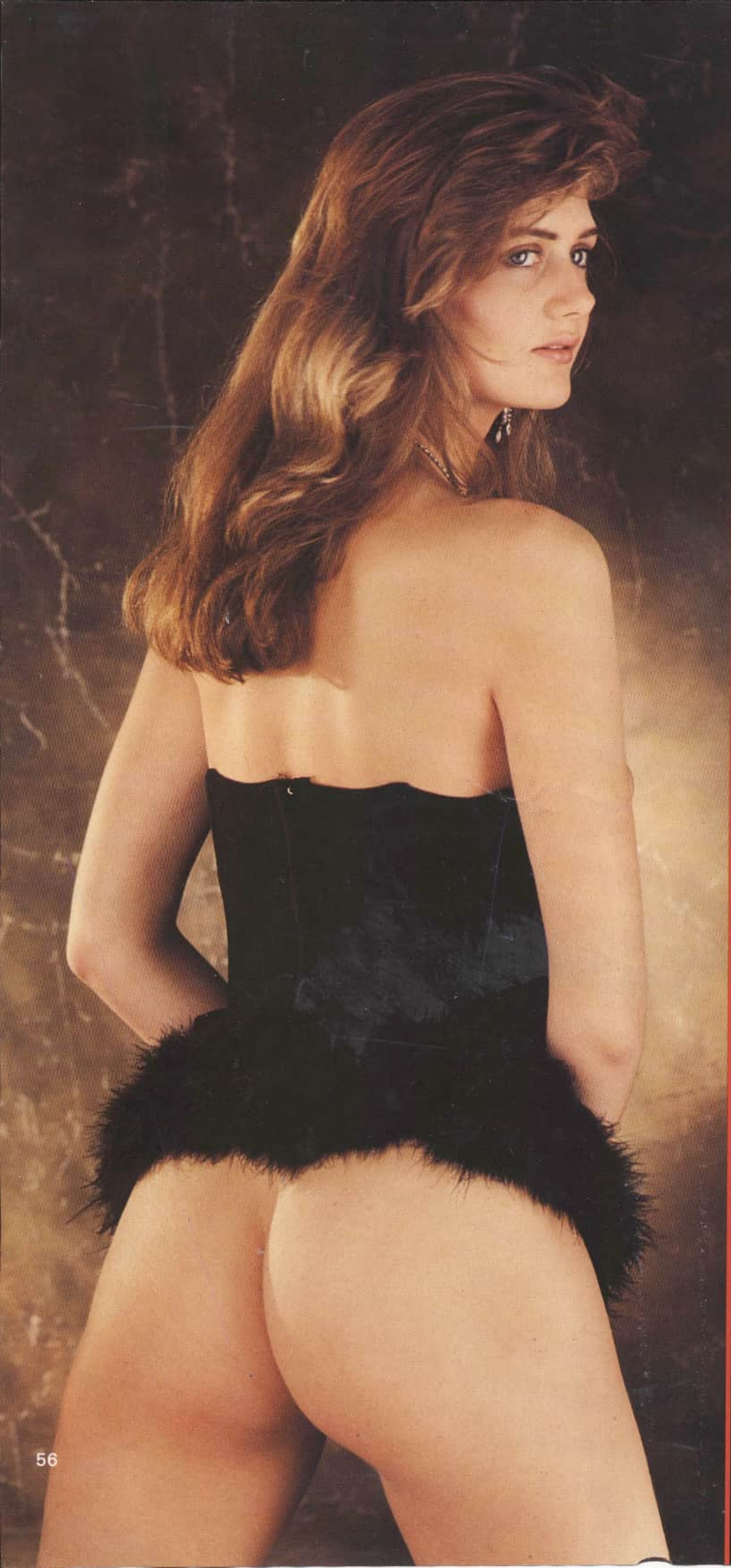
When 21-year-old Isabel Harrison was a young girl, she dreamed of having her portrait painted. Even now, although her cottage near Salisbury is full of dark and dramatic oil paintings, none are of her fine 34-24-34 figure. It was an omission we thought should be rectified, even though most of our contacts couldn't paint the bedroom ceiling. So strict instructions were sent to the photographer — capture her in the style of her favourite painters, and this dramatic centre-page set is the result. Isabel is delighted.





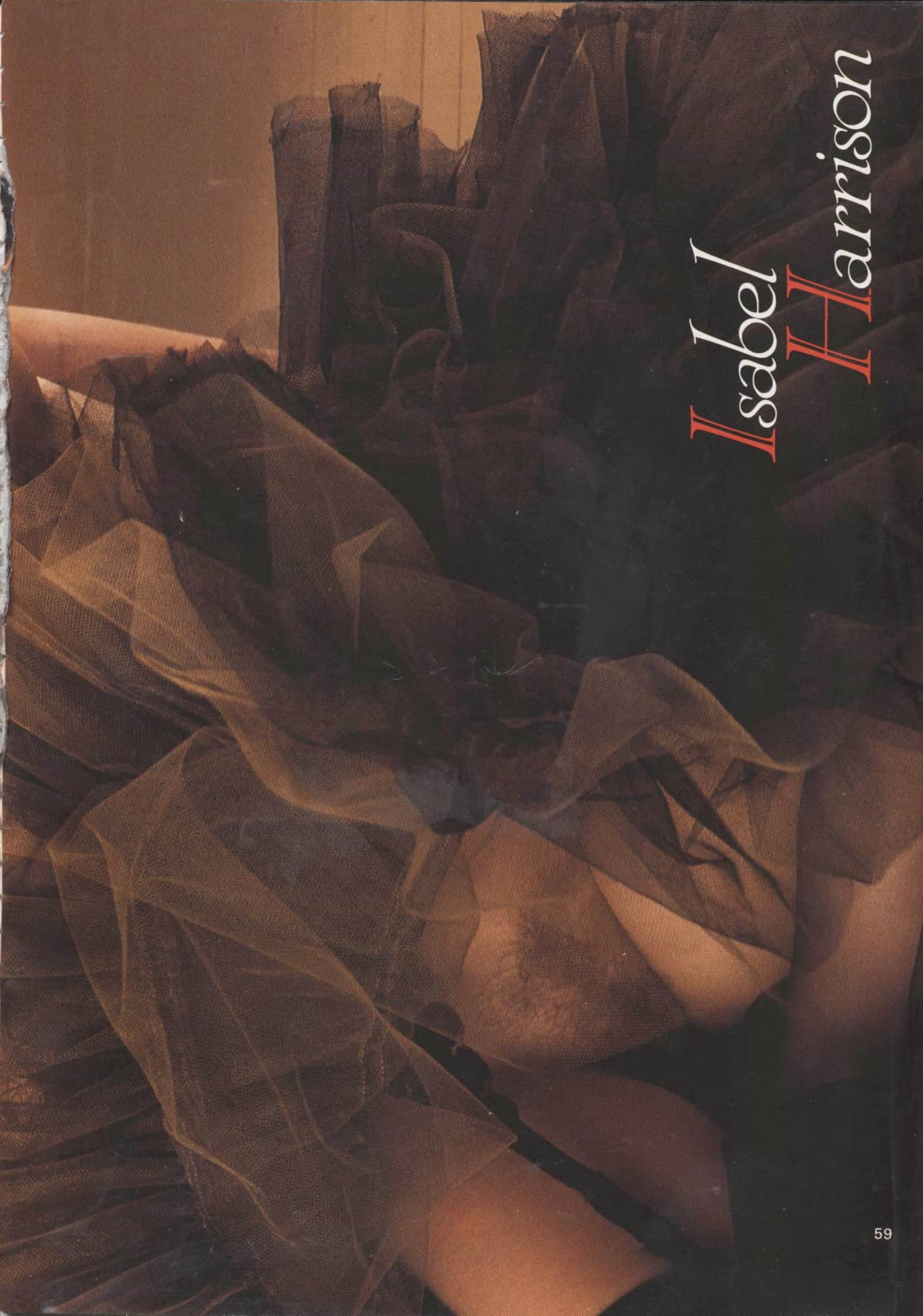


'I'm having the pictures framed and hung like the masterpieces they are,' she said. 'Pity, they can't go on exhibition in the Portrait Gallery.' When Isabel isn't posing for nude studies such as these, she helps out in a friend's antique shop, the source of many of her art treasures. 'My house is practically another branch of the store because I always have first pick, and the owner gives me a fair price,' she says. 'I think men are rather intimidated by it. It's like a stately home, only in miniature.'



But men are rarely intimidated by Isabel herself. 'I love listening to people talk, especially men,' she maintains. 'I just look into their eyes and sit fascinated by every word. I don't have to find a man physically appealing, just intriguing to listen to.' And how many does she know? 'Dozens! But I'm always on the look out for new ones . . .'

MAYFAIR
Girl of
the Month



Isabel Harrison

Special Filter
BENSON & HEDG

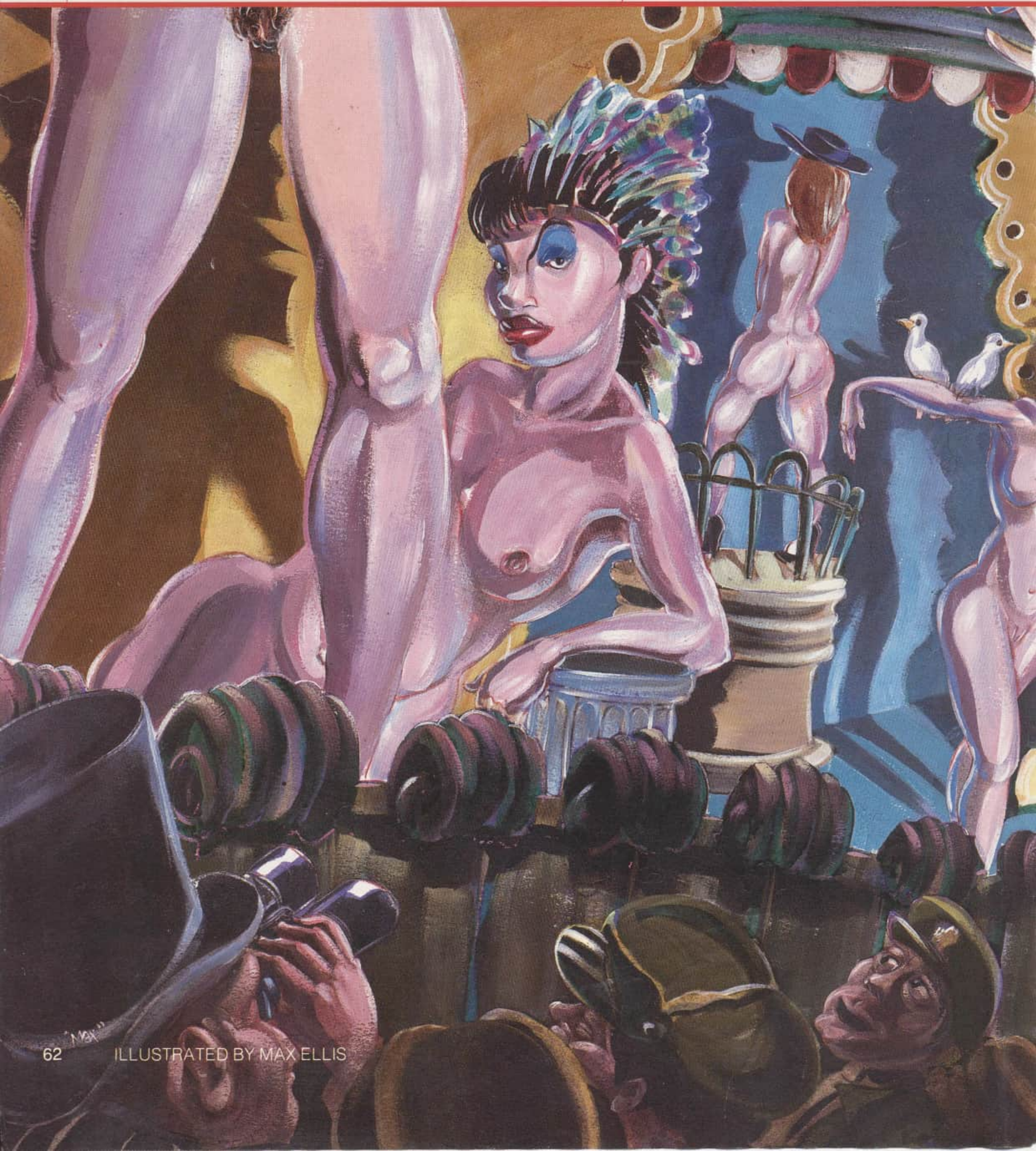
MIDDLE TAR
Warning: SMOKING CAN CAUSE FATAL

As defined by H.M. Government

DISEASES Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers

In wartime London, the Windmill Theatre became renowned for its nude lady tableaux and as a tough proving ground for new young comedians. Despite German bombs, over-excited audiences, and all-too-frequent visits from the Lord Chamberlain's censors, its proud but inaccurate, boast was 'We Never Closed!'

The



ILLUSTRATED BY MAX ELLIS

Windmill:

Bare bosoms against the Blitz

By Edwyn Gray

No other theatre in Britain has launched the careers of so many top comedians. And certainly no other theatre has caused so much public outrage. Yet it numbered amongst its ten million patrons the King and Queen of Norway and two of Queen Victoria's grand-daughters. It survived to become a legend in its own lifetime and triggered two full-length movies — one of which starred the equally legendary Rita Hayworth. And, along with St Paul's Cathedral and Buckingham Palace, it symbolised London's determination not to yield to the onslaught of Hitler's bombers during the Blitz. Although it owed its fame almost entirely to the attractive and completely naked young ladies who posed motionless in artistic nude tableaux on its stage, it won its notoriety as the result of a continual and well-publicised battle with the Lord Chamberlain and his censors.

The Windmill Theatre's non-stop vaudeville show, *Revudeville*, was the personal creation of Vivian Van Damm. And, with its emphasis on the unadorned female form, it provided the capital with a new and exciting form of entertainment. Its doors opened for the first time at 2.30 pm on Monday February 3, 1932 and its curtain came down for the last time 341 editions later, just before midnight on Saturday October 31, 1964 — its sanitised nudes and carefully contrived sketches by then unable to compete with Soho's burgeoning empire of strip clubs and sex cinemas. But, in its hey-day, it was *the* most daring show in the metropolis, and during the war virtually every serviceman who found himself on leave in London came to worship at the Windmill's shrine to eroticism. Yet, contrary to public belief, the theatre did not take its name from the famous *Moulin Rouge* cabaret in Paris but was, in fact, christened in memory of an old post-mill that stood on the site back in the days of Charles II and Nell Gwynne, when flocks of sheep used to graze in the Haymarket.

Laura Henderson, a wealthy widow and somewhat eccentric philanthropist, was nearly 70-years-old when she acquired the Windmill Cinema and offered Van Damm the post of General Manager. Van Damm, however, had a more enterprising vision for its future employment than the showing of films. He wanted to produce a non-stop vaudeville programme loosely based on an amalgam of the big Parisian cabarets and the burlesque theatres of New York. It would be a gamble but Van Damm, with a long career as a showman and publicist behind him, thought it would work. Mrs Henderson, on the other hand, was more cautious. But when Van Damm assured her that he intended to use only British artistes she enthusiastically agreed to back him. With the deepening slump, unemployment was at an all-time high, and the English variety business was in a sorry state, following the eclipse of the music-halls by the new sensation — talking motion pictures. Ever soft-hearted, Mrs Henderson was more interested in finding work for unemployed members of the acting profession than in making profits for herself. In fact, during the early years of *Revudeville*, she was often to be seen backstage discreetly handing pound notes to artistes who had failed to pass Van Damm's intimidating auditions.

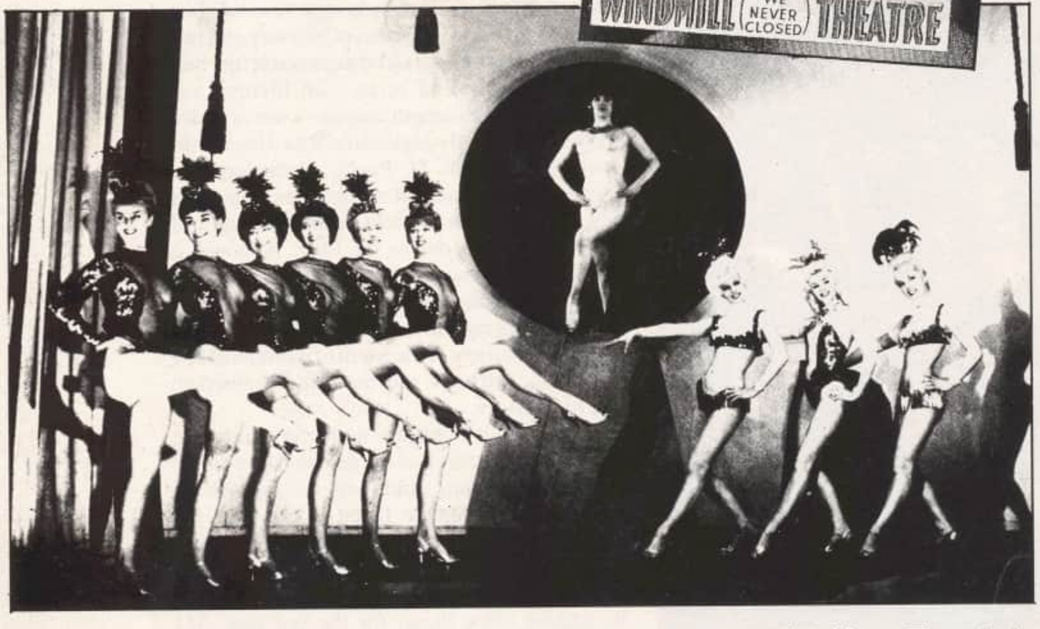
It was agreed at the start of the venture that the theatre would not operate on a star system. Everyone was to be a member of the team with — surprisingly ahead of its time — complete equality of the sexes. And the rather unwordly Laura Henderson publicly announced that she would 'particularly bear in mind the needs of modern parents who feel they cannot take their children to see Hollywood films.' She added that at the Windmill 'there will be plenty of fun and gaiety, but no sex silliness . . .' Little did she know . . . Although the show maintained a high standard of taste throughout its life Mrs Henderson's intentions never progressed beyond the realm of wishful thinking.

Vivian Van Damm had had a great deal of experience in cinema management and publicity promotion when he joined the Windmill in the final months of 1931. Born in 1890, the son of a prosperous solicitor, he began his working life as an apprentice car mechanic, despite his family background and London public school education. But, hampered by chronic asthma, he was forced to move from the rigorous atmosphere of exhaust-fumed garages into estate agency before spending two short periods behind a desk; first at Lloyds as an underwriter's clerk and then in his father's City law office.

Van Damm's health prevented him from being called to the colours, and when World War One ended, he turned his attention to cinema management — a fast-growing branch of the already booming film industry. After running the Polytechnic Cinema in Regent Street for three years, he moved on to take over the Tivoli in the Strand, where his publicity stunts and showmanship brought him considerable notoriety. On occasions he would deliberately cut out a short section of film and splice it back into the reel upside down to gain attention. He had already caused something of a furore when he showed an Army documentary on venereal disease to audiences at the Polytechnic. When he was first introduced to Laura Henderson in 1931, he had just been offered the, in those days, princely sum of £80 per week, to manage the prestigious Granada cinema circuit — a salary almost double that paid to an Admiral of the Fleet.

Mrs Henderson's counter offer of £8 per week to run the Windmill Cinema was derisory. But some intuitive streak persuaded Van Damm to accept and, following an instructive lunch with a French producer, he promptly got down to the task of setting London by the ears with a non-stop vaudeville show. Ever mindful of publicity he persuaded the *Star* newspaper to run a competition amongst its readers to find a name for the new show. Van Damm selected *Revudeville*, and a prize-winning cheque for five guineas was sent to its creator Arnold Kite. Viewed with hindsight, it was a poor reward for what proved to become one of the most famous names in show-business.

Revudeville
24th YEAR
6d
275th
EDITION
"B"
COMPANY
WINDMILL
WE NEVER CLOSED
THEATRE



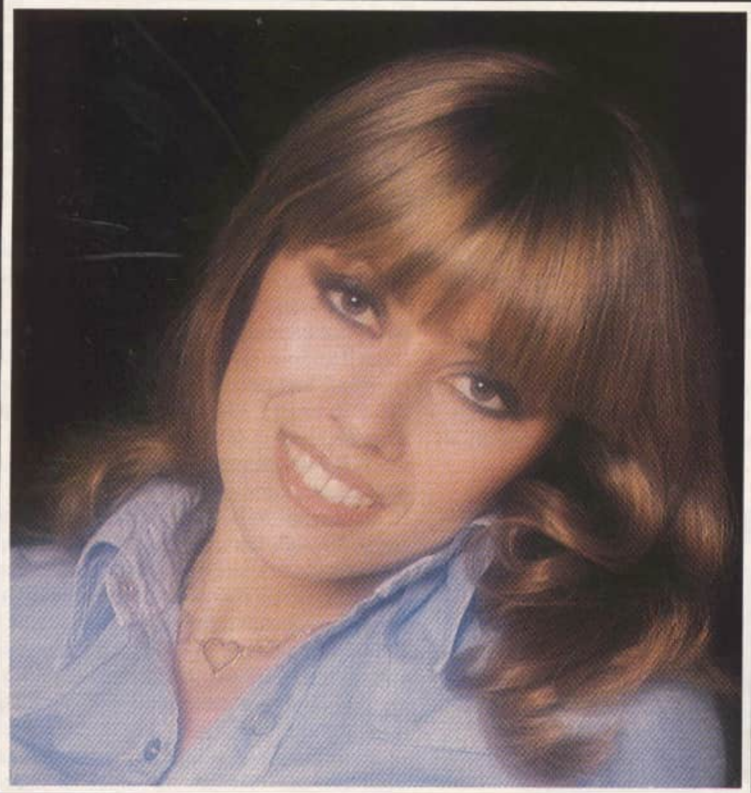
Above: The Windmill girls with a typical routine featuring a nude tableau. The naked figure had to be dimly lit and completely stationary to comply with the laws laid down by the Lord Chamberlain. Top: The cover of a Windmill programme from 1948.

The first Windmill girls were paid 30 shillings (£1.50) per week — slightly more than they would have earned in a factory — and for this they were required to perform four two-hour shows a day for six days a week. A rate of just over 3p an hour! *And* with the programme changing every two weeks they were also rehearsing for the next show. It was a tough life, but the pressures eased slighly when Van Damm introduced the two-company system which gave the theatre two complete teams of girls who could be rotated, rested and interchanged as necessary — a system adopted by the Irving Theatre and other non-stop shows in later years. Nevertheless, by April 1946, the girls were doing no fewer than *six* shows a day and, at one point, Van Damm was even considering raising this to seven although, fortunately, better judgement prevailed.

The girls, known as the Millerettes, provided Van Damm with a major headache when, a week before the show opened, they refused to 'expose themselves before an audience' in the skimpy costumes which the French theatrical designer Lucien Samett had produced — costumes which, it might be added, were considerably more substantial and less revealing than the modern bikini. Their spokeswoman, Joan Day, told reporters: 'Such frocks may be all right in Paris where the public and actresses are accustomed to them. But a different state of things prevails in England.' In another interview she explained that 'English people are, after all, unappreciative of what they may consider shocking and it is as much on their own behalf as because of our own feelings that we have objected to appearing in the costumes.' And, while a suburban vicar compared the protesting girls to early Christian virgins about to be

turn to page 66

Sue is giving it away...



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Carnival Theatre Club
Club De Luxe
Dave Prowse Fitness Centre
Empire Leicester Square
Grays
Hombre Night Spot
La Capanina
Le Refifi
Manhattan Lights
Marquee
New Manhattan
New Twilight Club
100 Club
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Ronnie Scott's Club
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Stork Club
Sunset Strip
The Connaught Club
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continued from page 64

sacrificed in a Roman amphitheatre, one of the capital's newspapers thundered: 'We do not want the sinful pleasuredomes of Paris in London'. Van Damm admitted defeat and the costume makers set to work with needle and thread to make the dresses a little less revealing. But many suspected that the whole affair was a crafty publicity stunt set up by Van Damm himself to obtain maximum press coverage before the show opened. If that was so, no-one will know, but he certainly succeeded.

Costumes were always a bone of contention between Van Damm and the Lord Chamberlain's censors. Wartime patrons like myself will always remember the bobbing breasts and see-through net blouses which the girls wore for many of their numbers. And no one would dispute that they revealed rather more than they concealed. A representative of the Lord Chamberlain's office also noticed the goodies on display and in a typical letter to Van Damm complained:

'Scene 3. The girl should wear some kind of brassiere under her frock in view of her energetic movements . . . Scene 10. The girls . . . must have the 'flaps' of their costumes fastened in such a manner that their breasts are not visible when they are dancing . . . Scene 16. The girls should wear some kind of brassiere under their flimsy coverings . . .'

All this, mind you, in 1941 when Britain was fighting single-handed to defeat Hitler and London was staggering under the weight of the Blitz!

Van Damm, sensibly, always apologised and agreed with the Lord Chamberlain's carping criticisms. But, somehow, the costumes seemed to get flimsier than ever, to the delight of his patrons. And, even as late as 1956, Van Damm was still receiving complaints from the censor. This extract is from a letter dated June 19: '. . . there (are) a growing number of "inadvertent" breast exposures in chorus and other numbers and the conclusion cannot be avoided that such inadvertence is not by accident.'

As a regular habituee of the Mill in my misspent youth, I must admit that the censor's surmise was not far off the mark. I recall sitting through the first house one afternoon in 1946 when an attractive young blonde had an apparently embarrassing accident with her ballet costume. She raised her arms above her head during the finale of the dance routine, and exposed her two pertly-nippled breasts, which lifted out of the bodice and remained on view for all to see, despite her efforts to push them back out of sight. She did her best, and was still struggling to recover her modesty as the curtain fell. Obviously this was purely an innocent mishap — a fact which, in the eyes of the audience, made the revelation all the more interesting and exciting to watch. For some reason, I remained in the theatre to watch the show through again. To my surprise the 'accident' occurred a second time at exactly the same moment in the routine. I sat through the third performance and it happened again. The innocently surprised girl clutched her breasts in a not very successful attempt to hide them and they were still blatantly on display when the curtains closed. It was certainly not a case of third time lucky — except for the audience!

Above: Stars who started at the Windmill gather around Sheila Van Damm, daugther of Vivian Van Damm (pictured top) the man who turned the one-time cinema into London's most notorious theatre. Toasting Sheila are (left to right) Harry Secombe, Bill Kerr, Bill Pertwee, Des O'Connor, Arthur Haynes and Michael Bentine.

The show was heavily handled by the critics when it opened in February 1932. 'I hate saying it,' wrote the *Evening News* critic, 'but at least half the turns . . . are obviously unemployable on any stage, however humble, that has to pay its way.' The *Daily Mail* was equally damning: '*Revudeville* at the Windmill can legitimately claim to be non-stop and varied, but even the kindest-hearted Londoners will not be able to find anything very entertaining in this show.' The first week's audiences totalled 4,382 with box office takings of £459.0.10. But this was not enough to cover outgoings, and by March 10, the overdraft had risen from the opening figure of £10.130 to £11,136 although, encouragingly, there had been a small profit of £74 in the fifth week. It was a pattern that was to continue for the next seven years.

In an attempt to bolster attendances — and to carry through his own original intentions for *Revudeville* — Van Damm introduced nudes into the show at an early stage and, rather to his surprise, met with little opposition from the Lord Chamberlain's office, provided that he complied with two conditions: that the girl did not move and the lighting was subdued. Van Damm accepted the conditions, and the *Revudeville* programme soon included carefully contrived sketches and routines in which a nude girl featured in the background — motionless, expressionless and, in the opinion of many, sexless. This view seems to have been shared by the censors, for Van Damm received far fewer complaints about his nudes than his inadequately clothed dancers and suggestive lyrics.

Despite the inevitable publicity that accompanied this daring innovation — and Van Damm was not a man to let such an opportunity pass — nude girls were not an important feature in the show. Ask any former patron of the Windmill what he remembers best and he will almost always say — the nudes. Yet by 1940, when a complete show lasted two hours five minutes, nudes were on stage for less than ten minutes — no more than eight per cent of total running time. Known backstage as 'specialities', the erotic tableaux made skilful use of ultra-violet light, which gave the motionless model an unreal and almost waxen appearance. It was a technique that teased the audience but satisfied the censor.

The fan dance was a halfway house between the nudes and the dancers. The girl was completely naked behind the fan, except for a tiny flesh-coloured G-string, but whenever she raised her fans four attendant dancers, known as 'covers', simultaneously concealed her body with their fans so that she was never exposed in the raw. It was a skilled and difficult routine, and most choreographers estimated that it took the principal and her quartet of 'covers' some five weeks of intensive rehearsal in front of large full-length mirrors to perfect the timing. As the finale approached, and in accordance with the censor's rules about static nudes, the principal, her fans upraised, had to be completely motionless before

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SOAP DISH

continued from page 20

as hard in return. Her long, trailing hair was indistinguishable from the soapy water; her feet pushed hard against the wall above his head.

The water was churned almost to foam by his spasming legs. She began to tremble violently as he sucked harder, rimming her lips with sweeps of his tongue and taking small fake bites at her, then dipping again deep inside. He could taste something else now: bath oil

Her mouth left him, her gentle hand gripped him to pull hard and fast at his aching erection. His moan was smothered in her vagina as his lips drew back and his teeth pressed hard to her. 'Yes,' she told him, 'oh yes, yes, yes.' She kicked her legs, ground herself against his thrusting tongue.

Then they both came. Andrews ejaculating into the moist air, the girl screaming and clutching at him as she shuddered. Her legs straightened, to close tightly round his ears; her hands bit into his thighs and cock.

This time it was several minutes before Andrews could lean back and open his eyes slowly. He saw that her skin was more like glass than oil. It was clearing; the soap — like all bubbles — was beginning to fall under gravity, thinning, starting to vanish.

'No,' he said, 'Oh no.'

The girl slid forward, away from him, to curl up in the far corner of the bath. Even though the bath wasn't large, she didn't touch him. 'Yes,' she said quietly. 'I can feel it happening.'

'I won't let it.'

She shook her head, 'It can't be stopped.' Her voice was already as faint as her skin. Her mouth dropped; her face became more and more pale.

'There weren't any other men,' she said sadly. 'This is my first time out. I just did what you'd learned. I just wanted to.. to..'

He grabbed the bar of soap, began desperately to lather it. 'Stay.'

'Bubbles don't' she reminded him. 'But I did want to, I did.'

Her voice faded to nothing, and a second later, her body was gone too, though for an instant he still seemed to see her against the tiles, like a reflection in a window. Only the echo of her voice remained, and the last traces of soap, falling like mist into the bath.

He was stunned. 'Bubble,' he repeated, then, '*Bubble.*'

He jumped upright and thudded wetly across the bathroom towards his jacket. He found the packet quickly, and returned to the bath. He unwrapped the bubble gum. It was the strong kind, advertised as lasting forever. There were six sticks, and all of them were pink. His favourite colour. For an instant, doubt took him, could he have dreamed this — was he dreaming it now? Then he turned, and looked up, to find the inverted prints of her feet still on the wall above him.

He popped a stick into his mouth and began to chew, idly touching himself as he remembered, and hoped. He would succeed. He would suck *something*. 'Succubus,' he laughed, and sank into the welcoming water. ♣

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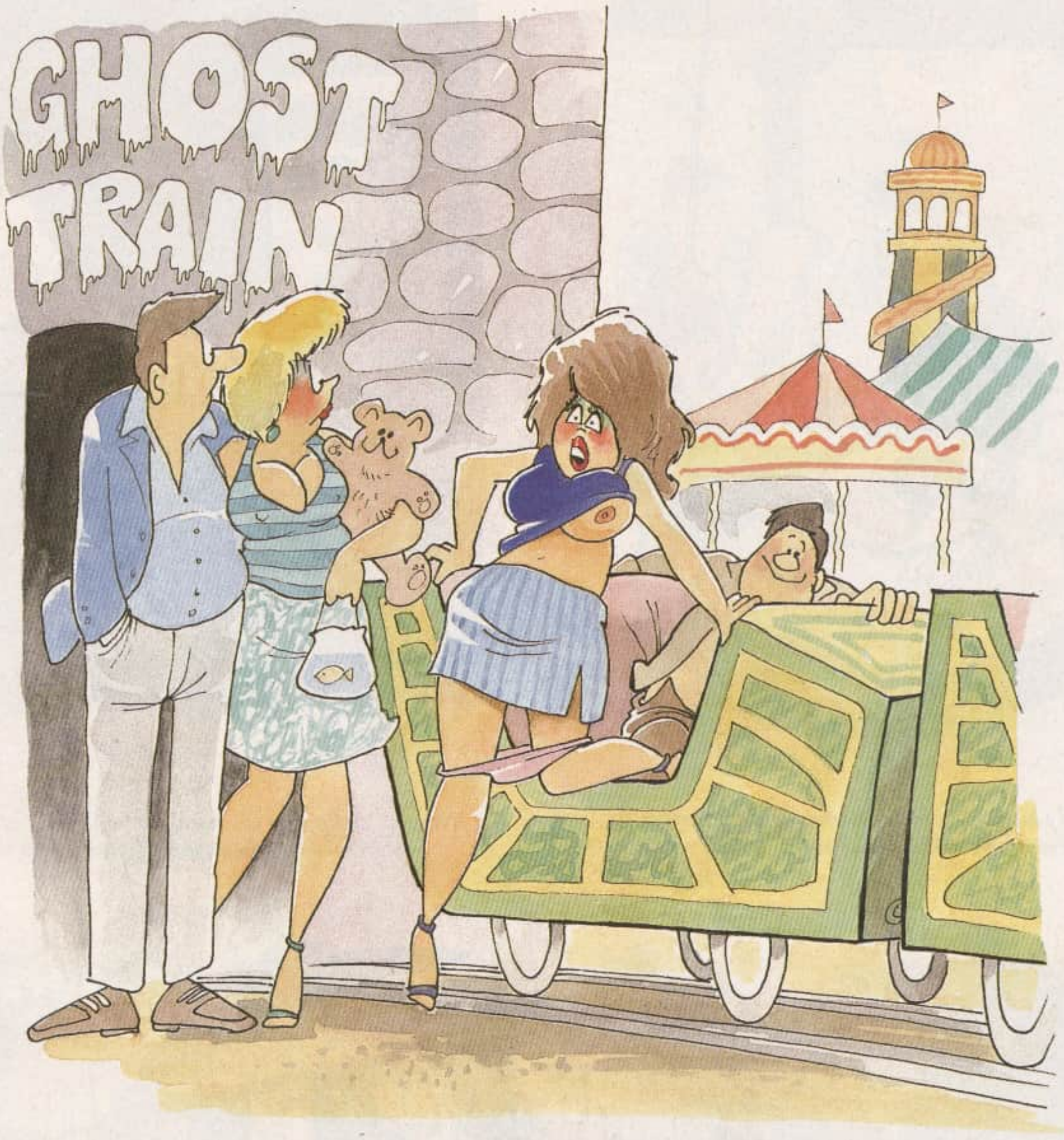
VICKI

'Lush, earthy and obviously great fun to be with' — that's how one admiring reader summed up the appeal of 37-24-36 inch Vicki Patterson after she made her first *Mayfair* appearance just two years ago. Vicki was working in a sweetshop in York when she was interviewed for Vol 21 no 7; private sources suggest a marked increase in the city's confectionary sales that July as eager readers scoured the sweet counters in search of her very guilty,' Vicki smiles. 'I spent that summer in Greece!'

VICKI

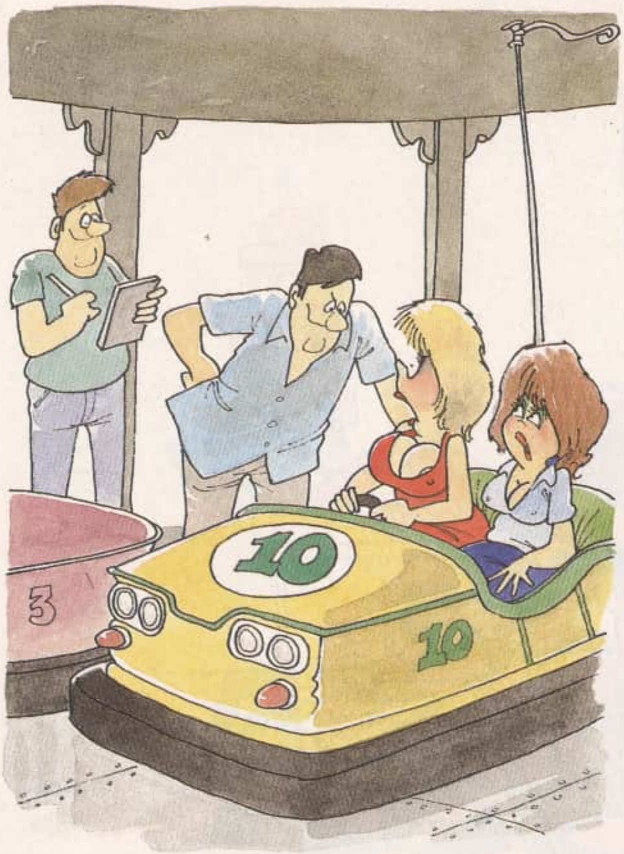
She was, in fact, working — as a villa maid on one of the smaller Greek islands. 'I was supposed to be running things with another more experienced girl, because I'd only been there once before. But we both turned out to be complete beginners. At least I got all my mistakes over and done with in one fell swoop!' One of them was drinking so much *ouzo* at a local wedding that she went deaf. 'I was carried home by an absolutely gorgeous man who stayed with me until the morning. Every time he suggested something all I could do was nod and grin, because I couldn't hear a word he was saying to me — at least that's my excuse!' She's now in her third season and regards herself as a battle-hardened veteran. 'I'm beginning to think I've seen it all now. The most fraught time was when I tried to settle a row between two couples. The wrong boy and girl had taken a fancy to each other.'



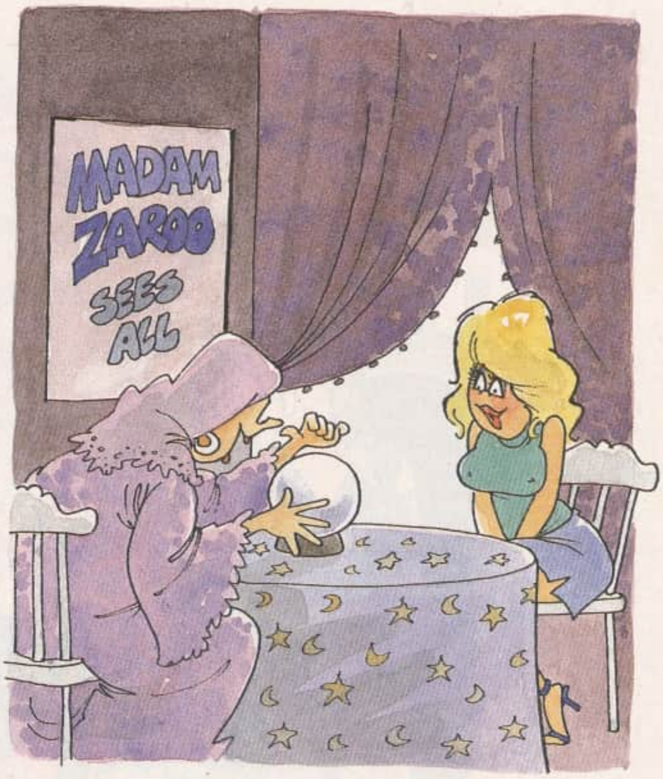
'It was really frightening the way it came out of nowhere, straight towards me!'

Excess Fairs

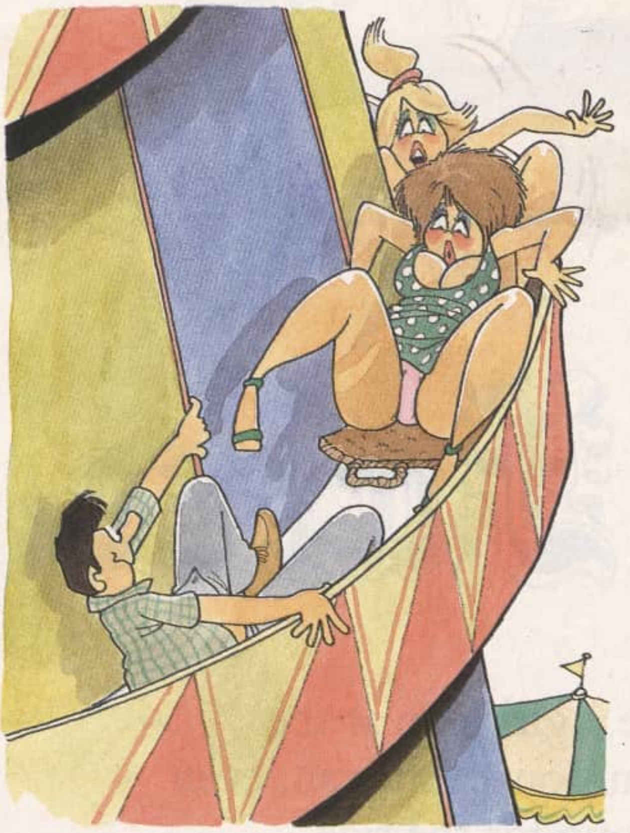
There's plenty to make a girl gasp at the funfair, claims cartoonist Anthony. After all, even the nicest girls go along for the ride



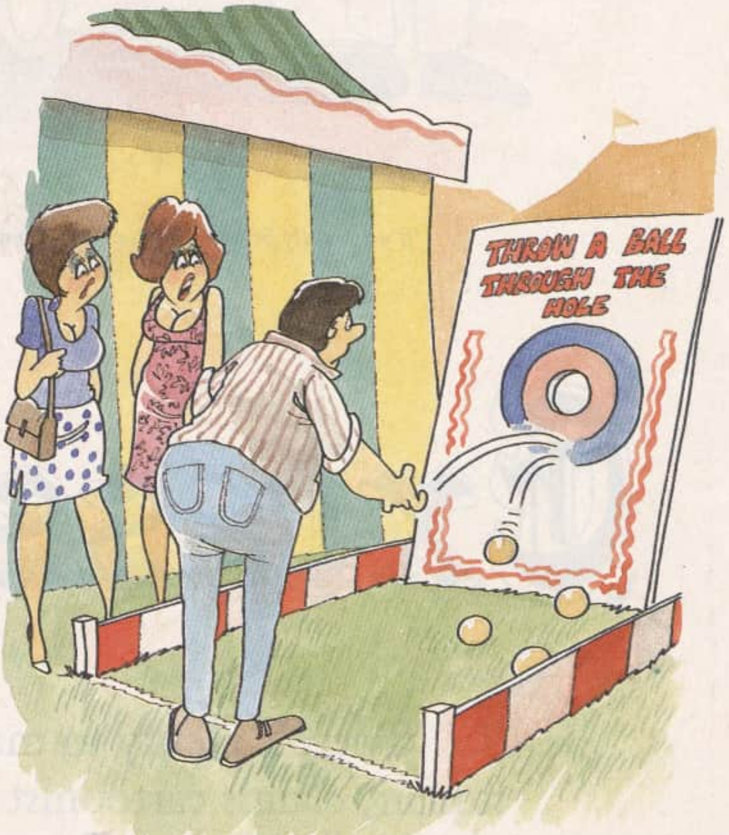
'Do we really have to give our names and addresses just because we bumped into you?'


MADAM ZAROO SEES ALL

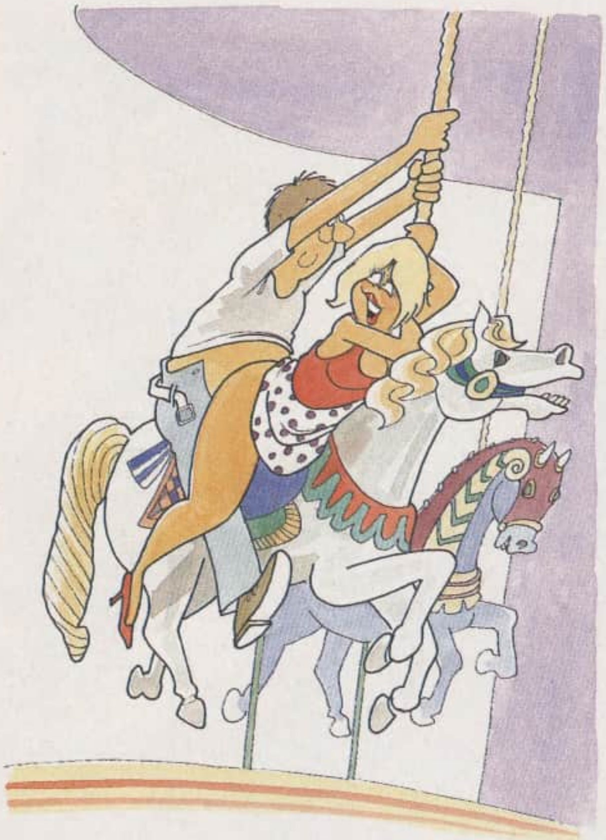
'Now he's slipping his hand up your skirt . . . Oh dear it's misted up again.'



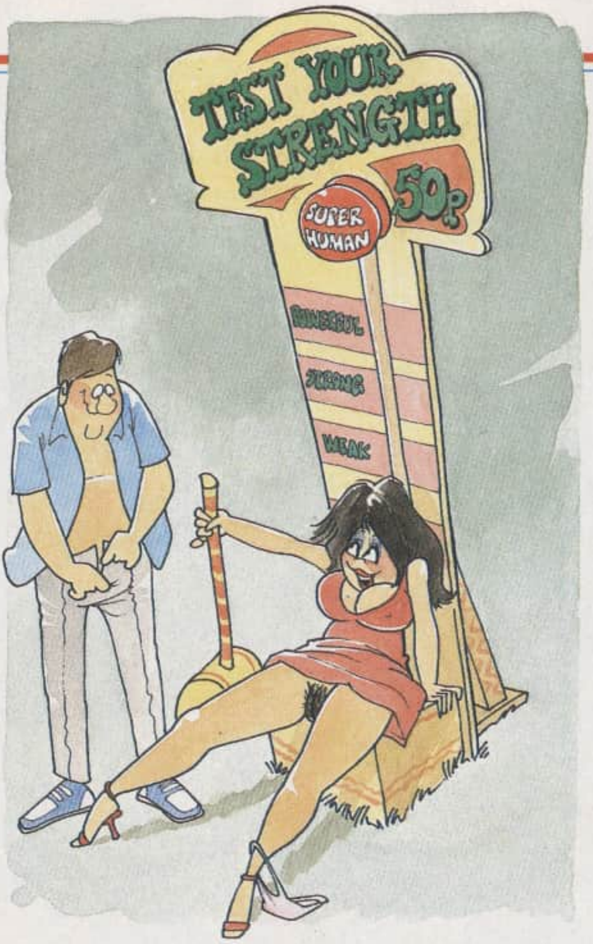
'Brace yourself, Jayne!'


THROW A BALL THROUGH THE HOLE

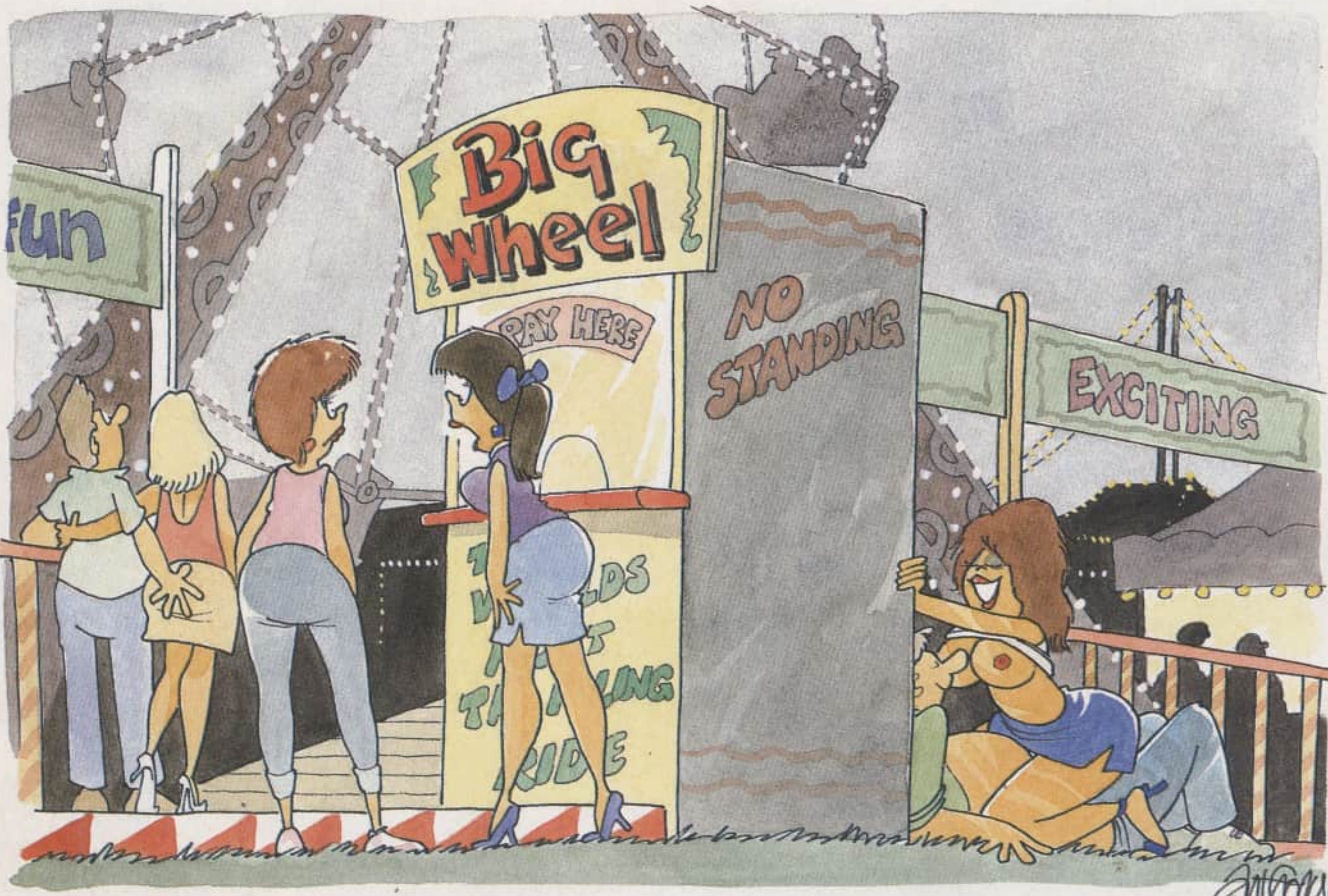
'I can't say I'm surprised.'



'This is the first time I've ever ridden bare-back.'


TEST YOUR STRENGTH
50p
SUPER HUMAN
POWERFUL
STRONG
WEAK

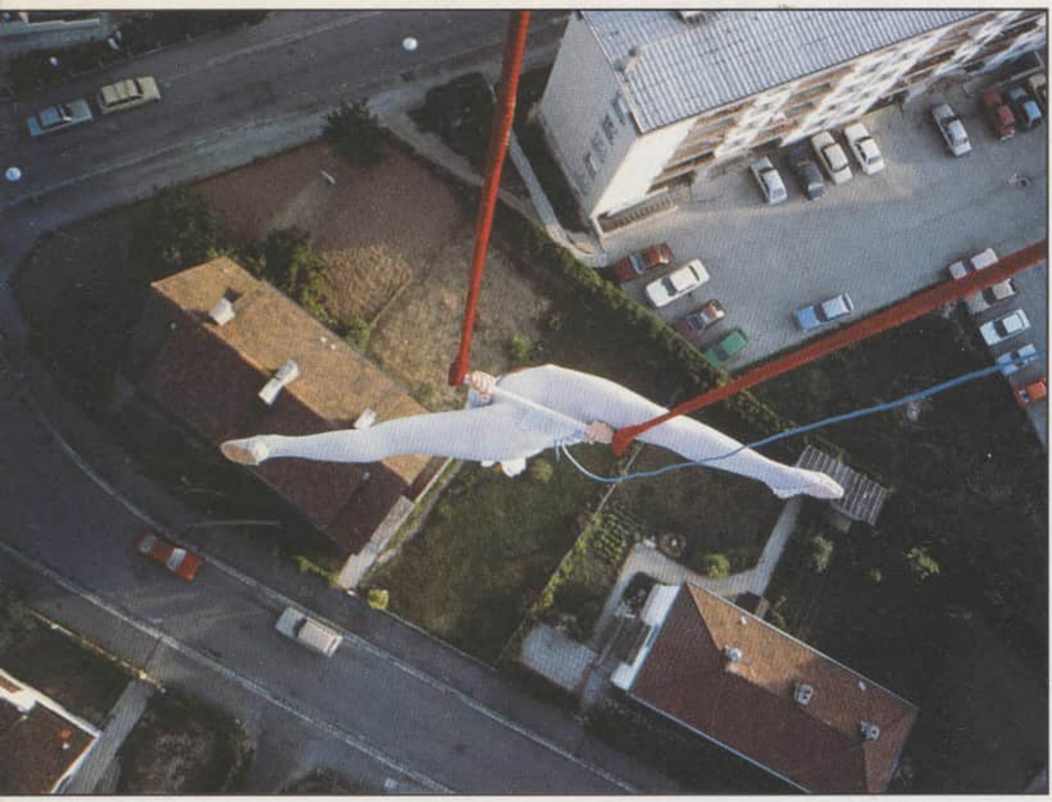
'Phew! You certainly rang the bell that time.'


Fun
Big Wheel
PAY HERE
NO STANDING
EXCITING

'I'm sure Mandy said she was coming over here to have a ride on the big one.'

MsAdventure!

Twenty-three-year-old circus artiste Veronique Gougat believes in taking the art of the trapeze to new heights — by performing suspended from a hot air balloon 1000 feet above ground



To most of us, performing on a trapeze has such an air of unreal bravado — even to those who *aren't* terrified of heights — that to make it more difficult than it already is seems positively perverse. But not 23-year-old circus performer Veronique Gougat. She has taken the art of the trapeze to new heights — quite literally — by performing on a bar suspended beneath a hot air balloon.

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It's a role for which Veronique is well qualified. Born in Versailles in 1965, she joined the Annie-Fratellini National Circus School at the age of 11, where she became a star pupil, equally adept at dancing, juggling and acrobatics. At 15 she joined her first circus. But it was in 1985 when a friend first introduced her to the owner of a hot air balloon in the Champagne district of France, and an idea was born.

Veronique made her first trapeze ascent over the city of Reims and was a spectacular success. Now she performs throughout France, pursuing her own dictum that if people won't come to the circus, she'll bring it to them — or at least within 1000 feet or so

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QUEST

To some women the idea of a man engaging in physical combat for their favours can be a powerful sexual stimulus. But women, too, can be just as forceful when their own desires are thwarted. This month Quest talks to three people who found that aggression played a significant role in their sex lives

Quest: Do you find aggression sexually exciting?

Secretary: I hate violence in itself but I'd be dishonest if I didn't say certain forms of aggression didn't have an effect on me.

Quest: You're talking about what caused you to have sex with your brother-in-law?

Secretary: I'll always be ashamed of that. Part of my reason for talking to you is to get it out of my system. But I've been vulnerable to the same sort of thing before.

Quest: When?

Secretary: As a teenager. I went to a holiday camp with a girlfriend, and there were two boys who literally came to blows over me. One was fairly quiet and a bit shy, the kind I usually went out with. The other was brash and good-looking, obviously quite experienced.

Quest: Were you inexperienced then?

Secretary: Relatively, yes. I was only just 18, but I'd never had intercourse, and I was beginning to think I was missing out. I did have boys interested in me, but not the sort Wendy got. She more or less promised to fix me up! But, of course, the moment we got to the camp she met Gary — the good-looking one — and I hardly saw her the first week.

Quest: Were they having sex?

PERSONAL FILE

Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Female
Age. . . . 27 years
Town of Origin. . . .
Lancaster
Other details. . . . This interviewee took secretarial training after leaving school and now works for a bank. She married four years ago.

Secretary: According to Wendy, Gary never stopped. I was so cheesed off I nearly went home, but then it all seemed to cool off, and that was when I met Brian. He was a very nice lad — not Wendy's type at all; in fact she was quite scathing about him, which annoyed me. Then there was a grand gala ending to the week. Brian asked me to it with him. But the day before

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Gary re-appeared. I was on my own by the swimming pool. He was very friendly, but I thought he was looking for Wendy. Then, out the blue, he asked me to the Gala too. He said he'd had his eye on me for a while.

Quest: Did you believe him?

Secretary: Not at first. Then I let myself remember how good-looking he was — he *was* the most attractive man who'd ever asked me out. But then Brian arrived. When he found out what was going on, there was an argument.

Quest: Why didn't you simply say you'd arranged to go with Brian?

Secretary: I should have done. Instead I hinted that I hadn't quite made up my mind. So they decided they'd arm-wrestle to decide — it's true! Everyone round the pool was watching by now. I didn't know whether to be embarrassed or upset or what. The boys went over to a picnic table and started. They were both big lads, and they seemed evenly matched, but Gary started to win, and Brian just flipped. He literally threw himself at Gary and they began fighting on the grass, really laying into each other. It was a riot, Everyone was shouting. The security people came running, but then Gary got the upper hand and threw Brian into pool, and it was over. 'OK,' he said to me, 'I think that decides it.' A few people actually cheered! My inside were just jelly! I couldn't get over what had happened.

Quest: Did that decide you have sex with Gary?

Secretary: I thought if anyone deserved to succeed it was him. Unfortunately it wasn't quite as simply at that.

> **'Come on, Sue,' Wendy invited me. 'You sit on him first. He's got enough for both of us'**

Quest: Why not?

Secretary: He took me to the gala, and it was great. I even felt guilty that I hardly saw Wendy at all. I assumed she was just avoiding Gary. Then, towards the end, Gary said he had something to do, and asked me to meet him in his chalet in ten minutes. He had a nice surprise for me. I assumed he meant a romantic one.

Quest: It wasn't?

Secretary: When I got there the door was open, but the place was dark, I called Gary's name, and he just appeared out of the darkness, pulled me into his arms and kissed me. That was almost exactly what I'd hoped for, and I really felt myself melting. Then I realised that all he had on was a dressing gown. My heart was thumping — he obviously wasn't messing about. He locked the door, took my hand and led me over to the bed. Then he bent down and lit a candle, which I thought was incredibly romantic, until I saw the bed wasn't empty.

Quest: Go on.

Secretary: Wendy was in it, the sheet pulled up over her boobs — she obviously wasn't wearing anything under it. 'Hello, Susie (name changed),' she said. 'You don't mind us playing this little trick, do you? I told Gary what I'd promised you this holiday, and he was great about it.'

Quest: She'd asked Gary to make love to you?

Secretary: I couldn't believe it, I'd never been so disappointed and humiliated. The worst of it was neither of them seemed to realise why, especially Wendy. She obviously thought I was desperate for sex. We ended up opening a bottle of wine and arguing. Then, after an hour or so, Gary obviously got bored and curled up on the bed. And he just started making love to Wendy.

Quest: Did she object?

Secretary: She told him to stop, but she didn't *do* anything. In the end they did it in front of me.

Quest: They had full intercourse?

Secretary: Oh, no half measures. Gary started kissing Wendy's neck and shoulders, then he pulled down the sheet and began doing the same with her breasts. Then he pulled his dressing gown off and started to climb between her legs, but she pushed him away. I thought for one moment she actually wanted him to stop. But she didn't. She just wanted to get on top of him.

Quest: But you watched all this?

Secretary: I didn't have much choice — the door was still locked.

Quest: Did it turn you on?

Secretary: In a way that was the worst part, because it made me almost as bad as them. Then Wendy got her big, meaty thighs over Gary's, and she actually had her hand round Gary's big pink erection, pumping it up and down in the candlelight. 'Just look at him, Sue,' she said, her face all flushed. 'Isn't he *gorgeous!* Come on, love, sit on him first. He's got enough for both us.' But then Gary let out a gasp and swore, and his penis just erupted. That broke the spell for me. I spotted the door key on the floor, grabbed it and left them to it. So you can understand why I've distrusted the macho approach ever since.

Quest: What made it so different with your brother-in-law?

Secretary: David's in a way the black sheep of my husband's family. Most of them are teachers, nurses, that sort of thing. But David went into the army at sixteen, became a para, went to the Falklands and so on. He's never really got on with Richard. I suppose I took my cue from him.

Quest: Did you find him attractive?

Secretary: I'm sure that was one of the reasons why I was cool with him. He's very masculine — I always felt a bit overwhelmed by him, even though he was always very pleasant to me. But we hardly saw him, until he turned up on our doorstep one morning just after he left the army. He'd got a job in the Gulf, and he had a couple of weeks to kill. Unfortunately the second week Richard was away on a course.

Quest: Leaving you alone with him in the house?

Secretary: In fact, it wasn't too bad. David was no trouble about the house. Then one day he suddenly he announced that he'd been invited to a dinner party, and would I go with him, as a thank you for looking after him?

Quest: Did you go?

Secretary: Eventually. I expected drunken soldiers. It turned out to be a retired major and his wife, who were both sweet. David was good company, too — I really enjoyed it. It only went wrong on the way home.

Quest: In what way?

Secretary: It sounds crazy, but we were chased. We found out later they were three lads on a joyride. First they buzzed us on the motorway, then they followed us onto the country lanes — I was terrified. Then we turned off into the driveway of our cottage, and they still came after us. I wanted to run inside, bolt the doors and call the police. But David — who'd been completely calm throughout — told me to lock the car doors and wait. He got out the car and two of the lads came straight at him. I didn't even see what he did, but one of them screamed and the other doubled up groaning. The third jumped straight back into their car. Then David dragged the other two to their feet and threw them in the back. The car couldn't get away fast enough. It was an incredible display. I kept thinking, 'What if I'd been with Richard instead?' They might have killed us. I couldn't stop shaking. David took charge of me. He led me in, gave me hot sweet tea, rubbed my hands. Eventually he had to take me up to bed. He took my shoes, dress and blouse off, laid me down and pulled the sheet over me. My teeth were still shattering. So I said, 'Could you just hold me a moment?' So he lay down next to me.

Quest: Did you intend to have sex?

Secretary: I just wanted to lie in his arms and feel safe. But my heart just didn't seem to be able to stop thumping, and that's when I began to notice I was having an effect on him.

Quest: He had an erection?

Secretary: Our hips were pressed together and I could feel it through his trousers and my slip. In fact I moved slightly, so it might be less obvious, and he realised and apologised. 'Obviously been without feminine company for too long,' he said. 'I don't know whether to be flattered or not,' I said. 'Oh you can be,' he said, 'I always thought you deserved more than our Dick.' Then, I suppose, I made up my mind. I said, 'Well, if anyone deserves me it's a knight in shining armour.'

Quest: And he responded?

Secretary: I thought he wouldn't for a minute. Then he moved closer and kissed me on the cheek. I turned my face toward him, and we kissed properly. Suddenly we were all over each other.

Quest: Did you have intercourse imediately?

Secretary: As soon as David could get his trousers off and I could pull down my knickers. It was as if doing it quickly made it less wrong somehow. But I was physically very ready — I wanted him inside me badly. Then he got between my legs, and we made love.

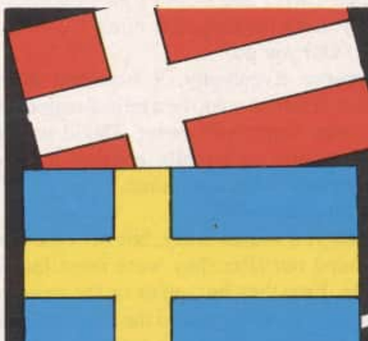
Quest: Satisfactorily?

Secretary: I would have been happy just feeling him there and having him come off inside me, but he held back until I had my climax. He was actually marvellous to me in bed.

Quest: Did the relationship continue?

Secretary: No. My marriage means everything to me. But we did it twice more before the morning. It showed me, though, I'm much more open to cavemen tactics than I ever suspected.

Quest: Thank you.



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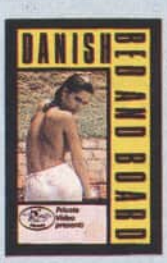

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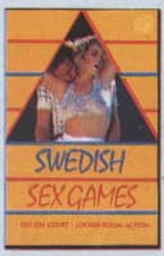

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QUEST

PERSONAL FILE

Name. . . . Withheld

Sex. . . . Male

Age. . . . 27 years

Town of Origin. . . . Cardigan

Other details. . . . This interviewee trained in systems analysis and now works in junior management for a Midland manufacturing concern. He owns his own flat.

Quest: Do you think women find aggression sexually exciting?

Manager: Some do. Personally, if I have to beat some poor idiot to a pulp, just to get off with a woman, I'd rather forget it. It's only happened to me once.

Quest: A woman was excited by the thought of you fighting over her?

Manager: My boss's wife. She was practically coming on the spot. If she hadn't been so bloody tasty, I'd have told her to get stuffed. Actually I'm usually the object of women's aggression.

Quest: How do you mean?

Manager: I never spot the obvious.

Quest: You mean women fancying you?

Manager: Yes. If I see someone really attractive, I tend to think, 'Oh she's for the smooth boys; she won't want a rugger-bugger like me.' Which is generally right! Except this one time I went on a training course. There was a girl who was one of the tutors — about twenty three, twenty four — bloody good she was, too. But, by Christ, she was a looker. Tall, slim, long blonde hair, bright, pretty face, a cracking pair of legs. She made my life a misery.

Quest: Because you fancied her?

Manager: I did, but I meant in classes. I was always the one getting the tough questions, doing the pratfalls in demonstrations, getting my private work thrown back in my face. Finally she downgraded what I thought was a bloody good piece of work, and I decided enough was enough. I tackled her after our last tutorial, insisted she regraded me. She agreed to discuss it in her room after dinner. I didn't realise until I got there that her room was pretty much like mine, ie it was a bedroom as much as a study room. Then she surprised me again by offering me a drink.

Quest: You didn't see any sexual implications in all this?

Manager: I always live in hope, but not really, no. Anyway, as soon as we sat down, we were arguing. She just seemed to lose her rag, coming out with really ludicrous arguments, getting more and more het up as if she knew how she sounded. It reached the point when I thought she was going to crack up — I thought she might faint or something. I jumped up, thinking it was my fault for pushing her. So I put my arms round her. When she said she *had* deliberately marked me low, I couldn't understand why. She said, 'For God's sake, to get a reaction, of course.' Then the light finally dawned. I said, 'Jesus, woman, you've been getting a reaction since you first walked in the bloody door!' So, rather belatedly, we took it from there.

Quest: Where exactly?

Manager: She locked the door and put out the light, then we undressed, slipped into bed, and I slipped into her. Quite a pleasant, gentle sort of fuck to start with, in the dark — God knew why, she had a fabulous figure. Small boobs, but a tight, bouncy bum and unbelievable legs — I'm a born leg man. Then she loosened up, got the bedside light on and we were both prancing about starkers, all over the room.

Quest: You had intercourse more than once?

Manager: I was up her more times than I can remember. I actually *came*three times, I think. But the nicest was number two. She was leaning over the desk with her bum in the air. I got my plonker between her cheeks from behind, went in up to the hilt and was stroking her legs and her thighs as I shafted her. God, that was good. That was my long distance one, after I'd blown my first head of steam. After a while she was grunting and groaning so much her knees were going, so she got down on all fours on the carpet. She was flat on her tummy with only her bum in the air by the time she came off — one of the few times a ladyfriend has reached that state before me! Then she insisted on kneeling down over the edge of the bed, to be more comfortable, so I could keep on shafting her until I shot my load. 'Go on,' she said, 'I'm your willing piece of female flesh — just poke me and do whatever you want.' Lovely turn of phrase, she had. So naturally I didn't disappoint her. I spent a couple of weekends with her over the next two months. Then she fell for somebody else.

Quest: Did the boss's wife fall for you?

Manager: Danielle? You must be joking. She was just a spoilt bitch who picked the wrong fellow to marry — at least in her eyes. I knew her just before I left Wales. Her husband was the boss's son — a lovely man, but he was never going to handle the business himself. So Danielle found herself stuck up a Welsh valley with no way home. She was fanciable, but not enough for me to put my job in jeopardy.

Quest: Why did you change your mind?

Manager: Her husband played rugby, and they both came to the local rugby club dinner, which was always a riot, but way over the top that year. Her hubby got pie-eyed, which was usual. She was dancing with several of the younger players who fancied themselves. She was wearing a strapless dress with her boobs practically hanging out, and she was prickteasing a couple of them, deciding who was going to take her outside and show her some new storage hut we'd just had put up. Either man would have had her in the bushes in ten seconds, *and* she knew it. Then one took a swing, and it turned nasty. I just happened to be standing close. I knew her from work, of course. So, like a mug, I stepped in.

Quest: Joining the fight?

Manager: I tried talking, but that didn't work. They were both by a fire-exit, so I got my

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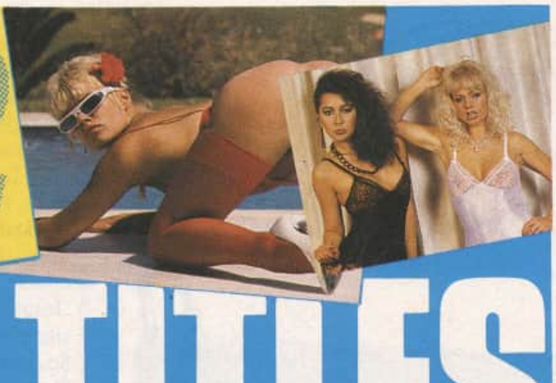

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QUEST

shoulder down and barged them both out. Of course, they both turned on me then. It was a farce. I was pissed enough not to feel pain, and they were too pissed to see straight. We all got in a few swings, then one guy passed out, and the other walked into a fence. That's when I saw Danielle, perched on the step, big eyes just burning. She scuttled down, grabbed my arm and whispered, 'Quick before they come round, you've got to get me away from here.' So I ended up giving her the tour of the storage shed — one tiny bulb, full of large, convenient, rubber mats, with a bolt on the door.

Quest: Who made the first move?

Manager: She was clinging to me all the way from the hall. She kept saying, 'It's so long since anyone fought for me — you don't know what that does to a woman.' Then, in the hut, it was, 'I've always liked big men. They always make me wonder if they're big all over —' She didn't actually stroke my fly, but it was damn close. I was pissed, and flattered, and I fancied her. So I thought, 'Fuck it.' And we were kissing.

Quest: How soon did you have intercourse?

Manager: Very quickly. We both knew we were pushing our luck. While I bolted the door, and put the light out, she got out of her knickers, and stretched out on the cleanest mat. Then I dropped my pants. She was telling me to, 'Hurry up, for God's sake.' I knelt down beside her. She reached out and pumped my cock, then opened her legs, yanked up her skirt and started pulling me over her. She even guided my cock into her pussy. It was a very efficient operation. Then we just went at it like billyo for a frantic five minutes. I was just glad I'd drunk enough to slow me down. The nicest part was when her boobs popped over the top of her dress — well worth the view. Very high and round with big raspberry nipples. She was determined to have her climax though. When I didn't seem to be hitting the spot on top, she pushed me back, made me pull out, then turned over onto her hands and knees and got me to shaft her again from behind. I actually shot my load quite quickly then — more pressure that way, I think — but I kept enough stiffness to finish her off. A very determined lady, *and* noisy. Lots of 'Oh you fuck's' and 'Oh you feel big's' and 'You dirty, *dirty* sod', then she was moaning that she was coming, and I could feel her pussy squeezing my cock. I envied her hubby the sex, but not much else, I must admit. I wasn't unhappy I was leaving the week after. You see what I mean about bringing out aggression in women?

Quest: Thank you.

> **'What are you waiting for?' I asked him. 'Haven't you had a good enough feel?'**

PERSONAL FILE

Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . . Female
Age. . . . 28 years
Town of Origin. . . .
Chatham
Other details. . . . This interviewee, an attractive blonde worked in retailing before opening her own clothes shop. She shares a house with her boyfriend.

Quest: Why were you so aggressive towards Ian?

Shop owner: Because of the way he treated Marie. He was a bastard. She didn't deserve that.

Quest: Marie was your best friend, as well as his girlfriend?

Shop owner: She was more than a girlfriend to him; they lived together for nearly three years. Not that that stopped him jumping on any woman who came within reach. He had the morals of an alley cat.

Quest: But you had sex with him.

Shop owner: I'm not excusing myself. I know what I did was wrong. But it wasn't anything *I* planned. I'm only glad it finally convinced Marie what Ian was like.

Quest: Are you saying Ian forced himself on you?

Shop owner: He certainly took advantage, and then accused *me* of seducing *him* — as if he'd done *me* a favour! That'll be the day — when I have to *ask* a fellow to give me one!

Quest: You've never had that problem with men?

Shop owner: No! Not since I was eighteen, anyway. If I really, *really* want a fellow I'll have him. In bed, I mean. That's not arrogance — it's just knowing fellows.

Quest: Why was it different when you were eighteen?

Shop owner: Now I think I'm better than most, but *then* I was bloody gorgeous — a cracking figure, 34D boobs, no need of a bra. I'm not saying that made *me* special, but I always had guys after me, some of them really good-looking, too. I seemed to frighten most ordinary-looking blokes. The trouble was the fellow I fancied was that sort. Vic wasn't ugly, but he wasn't the type I usually went out with. When I first met him — at a disco, I think — I got the feeling he couldn't get away quick enough — which didn't happen to me often. After that I seemed to run into him all over the place, and got the same reaction. It wasn't as if he didn't like me, or didn't fancy me — which I could understand — he just didn't seem to see me. That drove me mad. I got really sarky with him. In the end I was so angry I beat him up.

Quest: You're serious?

Shop owner: Oh yes. It was only with a kind of plastic bat, but I meant to hurt him. It started as a game at this house where about thirty of us were staying after a party. Everyone was curling up on the living room floor with blankets and lilos. This wasn't until after two. It was a good party — lots of old friends of mine — and we'd all had plenty to drink. Someone started throwing cushions about, and it turned into a mad free-for-all. Then one hit me — I'd only been watching till then — and I realised Vic had thrown it. I don't know if he'd meant to, but the girl he was with gave a great shriek. I knew her quite well. She'd been preening herself because I hadn't got anywhere with Vic. She had the look now, and something snapped. I don't even know what I picked up, but I just flung it at both of them, and I kept on flinging things. That seemed to set everyone off — people were laughing and screaming and chasing each other about. Vic and the girl ducked into the hallway. I don't know what happened to girl, then, but Vic started laughing, and I went after him through the kitchen and out into the back garden.

Quest: Alone?

Shop owner: No, there were others at first, but I was the only one who followed him into the garden. I must have picked up the bat in the hall somewhere. Then he must have tripped, because I caught up with him, and I let him have it. He was rolling about on the grass, laughing. 'What've you got against me?' he was saying. 'Go and hit someone your own size! I've never laid a finger on you!' 'And don't think you'll ever get a chance!' I told him, and I got him really hard right across one ear. I could see that hurt. He just let fly, knocking the bat right out of my hand. Then I dived at the bat, and he dived on top of me. We ended up struggling together on the grass.

Quest: How dark was it?

Shop owner: Light enough to see each other. But the garden was wild — we were half under some bushes; no one could have seen us without coming right outside.

Quest: Are you saying your wrestling became sexual?

Shop owner: He ended up on top of me, his crotch pressing against mine, holding my arms down. It was a very sexual position; we were both panting away like mad. Then I felt the pressure in Vic's fly — right through my skirt and pants. I said, 'And what do you think that is?' Then he bent lower, and I could see in his face that I'd finally got to him. I must admit it was a temptation to tell him to piss off.

Quest: But you didn't?

Shop owner: I just lifted up my face and we were kissing. His arms came round me. Even then his hand only inched up from my waist — I had to reach down and pull it up onto my boob! I don't think it had dawned on him before then that his luck was in.

Quest: What were you wearing?

Shop owner: A sort of tee-shirt top. He pulled that up, and I let him unclip my bra at the front. He started stroking my boobs, then bending down and kissing them. It was nice, but I only remember thinking, someone could come out to look for us any minute, and I might never have another chance like this. So I sort of twisted away from him, pushed my hand up against his fly and gave him an encouraging rub.

Quest: Did he take the hint?

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Shop owner: He almost fell off me in surprise! His girlfriend obviously didn't favour the direct approach. Then he couldn't wait to get started.

Quest: What position did you have sex in?

Shop owner: More or less as we were. He didn't try to take my skirt off, just lifted it up and let me pull my own pants down. He didn't even pull his own pants and jeans down properly, just opened the fly wide open and leaned between my legs. I remember feeling the edge of his zip rubbing against my thigh, and worrying it was going to get stuck in my fanny hair. Then I reached down and helped him slip his whatsit into my fanny, and finally we were doing it.

Quest: Was it worth the wait?

Shop owner: It was alright. I don't think he did more than four or five humps before he was coming.

Quest: Inside you?

Shop owner: Oh yes. But I was on the pill. I don't remember coming, but I didn't really start having strong climaxes till I was in my twenties. At eighteen it was a big enough turn-on knowing you were actually *doing it*. It turned out Vic had been convinced I didn't like him at all, and now he was all over me. But, of course, having got what I wanted, I wasn't interested any more. I was such a cow then. You could almost say I deserved Ian.

Quest: Did anything in particular inspire your anger against him?

Shop owner: I knew his reputation when Marie first started going out with him, and that worried me. After they moved in together, he actually admitted two little affairs, and I though Marie was stupid to keep on with him. But she was convinced he had changed. Then I saw with my own eyes he hadn't.

Quest: You saw him with another woman?

Shop owner: I saw him *have* another woman. I was at the pictures with a girlfriend one Sunday night, and I spotted Ian on the other side of the cinema with this very tarty-looking blonde girl. She looked about his age, early thirties. When the film was over, we followed them round the back to the car park, but they didn't have a car. They slipped down this alleyway. It didn't go anywhere, but I didn't realise that, which is why I went down after them. It was very narrow and badly lit. Halfway down we heard this panting and giggling. Then I saw them. Ian had the girl bending over, her hands pressed against the wall. Her mini-skirt was tucked up her back; her knickers and tights were round her knees. He was standing right behind her bare bum, with his trousers and pants round his ankles.

Quest: They were having intercourse?

Shop owner: Casual as you please. He was chatting away to her. If it hadn't been for her groan every now and then, and the fact that I could see his great *thing* pumping in and out between her big white cheeks, they could just have been passing the time of day. Then my friend or I made a noise. Ian stopped, and called out, 'Who the bloody hell's that?' And we bolted. But, after I'd got over the shock of what we'd seen, I was fuming. I wanted to steam straight round to Marie's, but my friend told me I'd be interferring, so I didn't go. But, when she'd left me, I knew I wouldn't sleep if I didn't talk to Marie, even if it was nearly midnight. Of course, when I arrived, Ian was there on his own. Marie was away for the weekend.

Quest: How did you react to him?

Shop owner: I was going to leave, but he insisted I popped in. Then I thought it would give me a chance to let him know exactly what I thought of him. So I waited till he'd made coffee, and he'd sat next to me on the sofa, then I let fly.

Quest: How did he react?

Shop owner: I could see him getting angry, but he didn't say a word until I'd run out of breath. Then he laughed. 'Devious little cow!' he said. 'Using your mate's welfare as an excuse to get your rocks off. How long were you watching, then? Five minutes? Ten? Or did you have to run home and change your knickers before then?' I just saw red. If I'd had a gun with me he'd be dead now. I just went for him. I got in one slap on his face, then his arms went up, and he was still laughing as I literally pummelled him. Then I thought of kicking him. I stood up and got in one crack on his shins, and that was when he grabbed me and pulled me down on the sofa. I went really wild. I was frightened. I thought he was going to hurt me, even rape me. Then he was pressing me down into the cushions, his whole weight on me, one hand was over my boob and his mouth came down over mine. I remember trying to bite him, I was practically crying. And suddenly we were kissing, and I *was* crying.

Quest: Out of pain?

Shop owner: It was because I was responding to him. I really had been turned on by seeing him with that woman. My body *wanted* sex. That was when he relaxed his grip. He was looking at me. I knew he'd have let me go then if I'd really wanted it. But I didn't.

Quest: What did you do?

Shop owner: I said, 'What are you waiting for? Haven't you had a good enough feel?' He grinned and said, 'Oh I never keep a lady waiting, love, even when she's no lady.' He was such a sod! But he made love like an animal.

Quest: Presumably you enjoyed that?

Shop owner: I was bow-legged, with a very sore fanny for a week afterwards, I swear. The first time, he just stripped me as I lay on the sofa. No subtlety, no turning the lights down. So I lay there like a log, not even lifting my bum when he yanked my knicks off — and tore the hem. Then he stripped off, climbed between my legs with his cock wobbling in front of him and he just fucked me. Not a kiss, or a caress, nothing. Just find the right hole, push it in and hump. I wanted it to be shitty for him. I wanted him to think I was the one woman he couldn't get to. But, of course, as he went on pushing, the more other feelings took over. Not just for me, him too. Then all we both cared about was what we were doing to each other, and he was lifting my legs, bending them right back, so he could push himself even deeper into me, and I wanted him to, I wanted to feel him popping out my throat, feel him pushing into my brain. Then we both just seemed to go wild, and I remember screaming that I was coming, shrieking at him to, 'Fuck me — fuck me — *fuck me!!*' And suddenly my climax was there, and as my spasms went off I could feel him squirting and squirting inside me. As sex, it was unbelieveable.

Quest: Did id happen again?

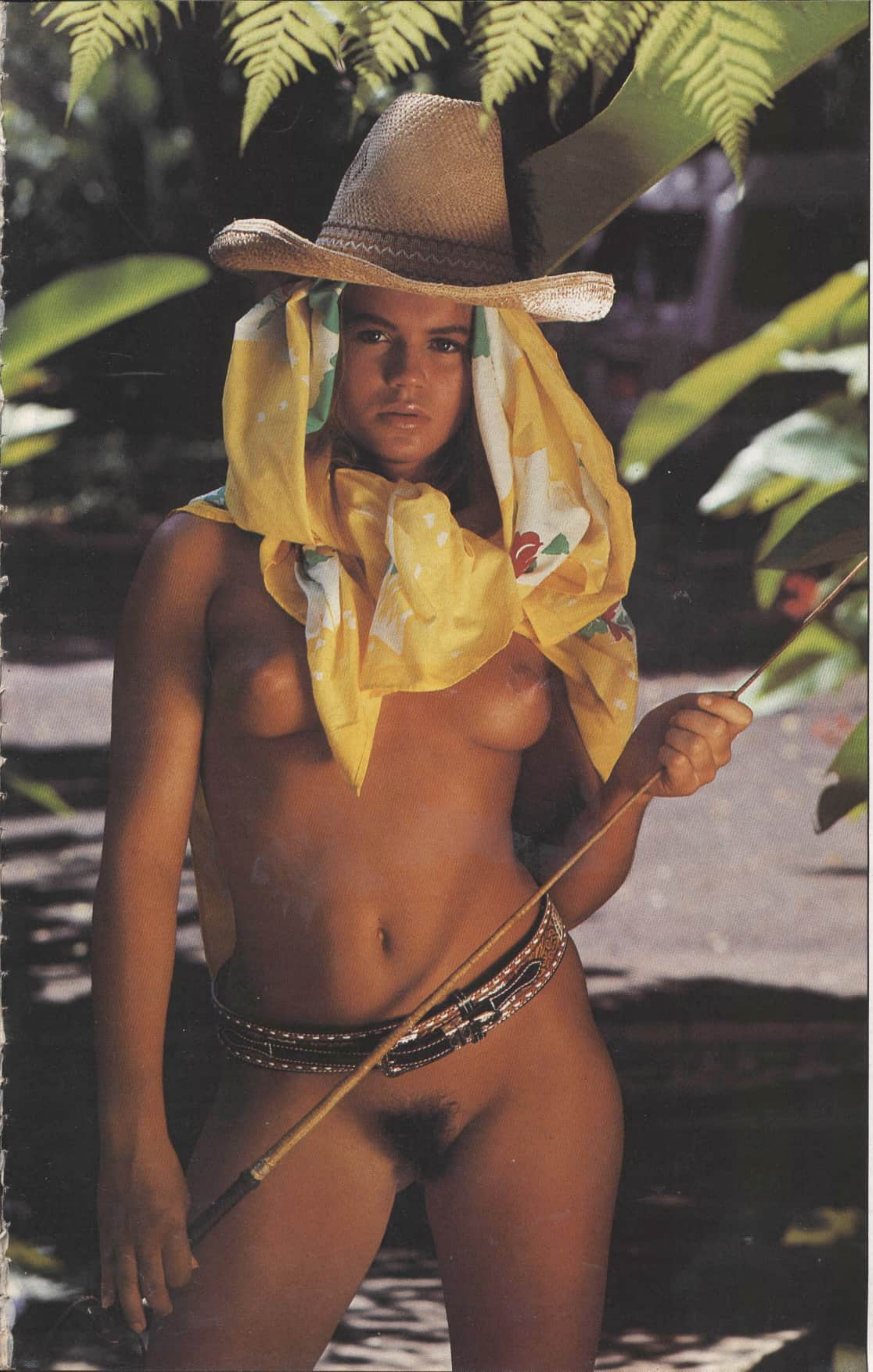
Shop owner: I only spent that one night with him. I'm just sorry I can't have sex like that with nice guys I might love rather than bastards I loathe!

Quest: Thank you.

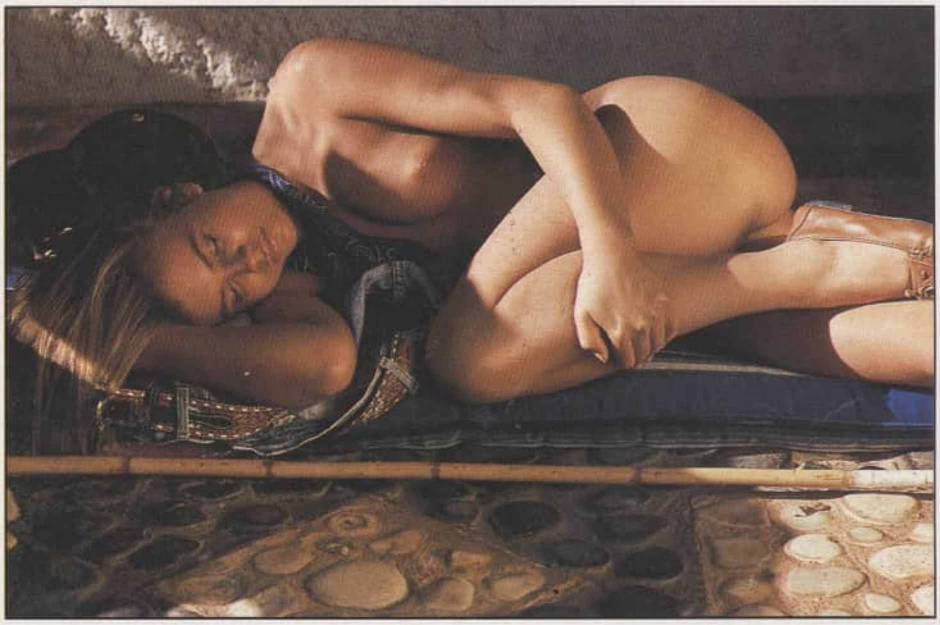
Philippa

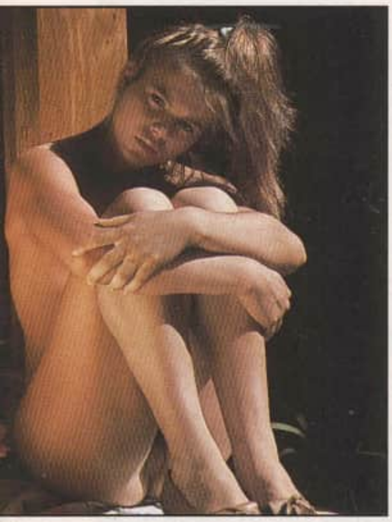
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

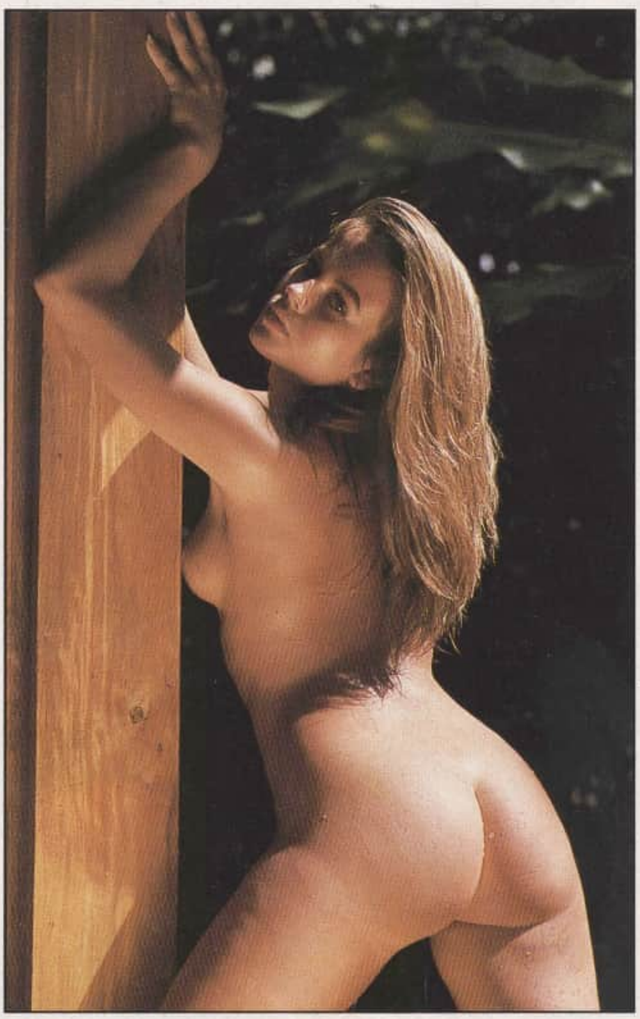
Swathing her 34-22-34 inches in the costume of a South American gaucho is something that comes easy to 22-year-old Philippa Armstrong. This Esher-born blonde has just finished a year au-pairing on a large *estancia* in the south of Argentina. 'It was very confusing,' she says. 'The family had an English surname because an Englishman had started the ranch last century, but of course everyone spoke Spanish all the time.'



Venturing so far afield from the usual au-pair haunts was prompted by curiosity. 'I discovered that I had relatives who had emigrated there just after the First World War, but I never managed to track them down. But by then I'd found out about the horses.' The 150 horses were on the *estancia* advertising for an au-pair — an irresistible draw to a girl who has been 'horse-mad since I was 12. I like men, too — if they ride horses!'







There was no shortage of *them* on the banks of the Rio Salado. 'I learned to ride in ways they'd never dream of in Surrey — there was always someone willing to teach me something new.' Home now, and still missing the daily steak that she enjoyed on the ranch, she dreams of running her own stables. 'I'd make sure I had afternoons free to watch polo whenever I wanted — and the polo players, too, of course!'

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GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A man walked into a new shop in the high street with a spectacular floral display in the window.

'Can I have a dozen red roses for my girlfriend?' he asked the young lady assistant behind the counter.

'I'm sorry, this isn't a florist's,' she replied casually. 'This is a vasectomy clinic.'

'So why do you have flowers in the window?' asked the young man rather irritably.

The young assistant smiled patiently.

'And what do you suggest we put on display?'

Concern was mounting in the control tower at Gatwick regarding the whereabouts of a long overdue flight from Dublin. The Flight Controller went to his mike and made yet another attempt to contact the plane.

'Flight 101, please report your height and position.'

There was a long pause fraught with tension, then a hiss of static. Finally came the long-awaited Irish lilt of the pilot. 'I'm five foot ten, and sitting up the front.'

**Do you fancy a bidet, my flower?'
Asked the plumber of mean Miss McGower.
She replied, 'Listen, sonny,
They're far too much money.
I shall stand on my hands in the shower.'**

A stunningly well-endowed blonde was standing at the bar of a smart pub in the West End when she was approached by a prosperous looking young man.

'My dear, I have been watching you for several minutes now, and you have simply the most fantastic figure I have seen for many years,' he said.

'Oh thank you,' she replied with a modest blush.

'In fact, my dear, I wish to propose to a small transaction. If you would permit me to see one of your breasts released from the unnatural restraint of your clothing, I will, in turn, be delighted to make you a present of one diamond.'

The girl was rather taken aback by the expensively dressed man's offer but as the bar was deserted except for themselves, avarice overcame her modesty, and she unbuttoned her blouse. Then cupping her left breast in her hand, she slipped it out for the man to admire.

'Just as I thought, magnificent!' exclaimed the man. 'Now, my dear, I wonder if you would consider one further transaction, namely another diamond to see its twin.'

Warming to the task and the potential value of the jewellery, this time the young blonde undid her blouse completely, unhooked her bra and let both her ample boobs bounce in the open air. The man was ecstatic.

'Oh thank you, thank you, such stunning perfection,' he drooled. 'Barman! Give this lady a Double Diamond.'

Overheard from a recent documentary on Radio Four:

Lord Parry of Keep the Britain Tidy Group was talking on the subject of Britain's beaches and the raw sewage that often polluted them. As a closing statement, he said, 'Holiday resorts are complaining that holidaymakers will no longer swim on the beaches. Instead, they merely go through the motions . . .'

What rugby team wears white shirts and brown shorts?

England playing the All-Blacks.

The famous Hollywood stuntman went to his local brothel and insisted on having sex in the most dangerous way they could think of. The girls looked a little surprised but one volunteered and took him up to the top floor. With the assistance of one of her colleagues, the stuntman and the pro were tied together naked and lowered onto a flagpole jutting from the building, fifty feet up. Slowly at first the stuntman began humping the girl, the height giving him that extra surge of adrenalin he craved. Warming to the task, he began moving more energetically until with a final cry, he climaxed.

Unfortunately at that moment, the rope holding the copulating couple up, snapped and they crashed onto the canopy below. Also at that precise moment, a little old man was passing by. Anxiously, he ran into the brothel to report the event to the madame.

'Excuse me, miss,' he said breathlessly, 'but there's been an accident.'

'Oh really, what's happened?' she asked.

'That new sign of yours has just blown off the flagpole.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Invididual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

continued from page 74

is by no means easy . . . Detecting the potential in raw, unpolished material, is largely a matter of instinct — and luck. Performers can change almost unrecognisably in the course of their careers and a top-of-the-bill turn . . . is probably vastly different in approach and technique from when he did his first hesistant audition'.

Morecombe and Wise — known in those days as Bartholomew and Wiseman — got through their audition and started on Monday. On Wednesday Van Damm fired them, although he allowed them to work the week out. 'Perhaps it was a good thing,' Eric recalled in later years. 'With my figure I could have wound up posing in the nude.' But not all of the unsuccessful applicants took Van Damm's decisions quite so philosophically. Kenneth Tynan, who auditioned as a comedian, never forgave him for turning down his act, and waspishly sniped at the Windmill and *Revudeville* throughout his distinguished career as as theatre critic. He once described the show as 'an uninspiring, unceasing, and totally unerotic concert party'.

Auditions were, of course, the mainspring in the search for new and promising talent. But, as Terry Scott discovered, 9.30 in the morning is hardly the best time for a comic patter routine on an empty stage in front of an intimidating one-man audience. However, despite his panic-stricken nervousness. Terry got the job. Bruce Forsyth, unaffected by nerves, complained bitterly when his audition was cut short before he completed his act. But Van Damm had already seen enough of his obvious talents in those few brief minutes to offer him an immediate contract. Arthur English was able to cap even that achievement. His 300-words per minute patter impressed Van Damm so much that he put him straight into the show that same afternoon. For once in his life the Prince of Wideboys was at a loss for words.

But the audition was only the first of many hazards which the young hopefuls had to face. Tommy Cooper's exuberant enthusiasm for practical jokes ran him into trouble when the nudes complained to Van Damm about rubber spiders hanging realistically in the scenery just in front of their faces, and clockwork mice that darted across the floor at their feet. And Sheila Van Damm recounts how Reg Varney's fiancee vetoed his comedy piano routine when she found him being assisted by two skimpily-clad Windmill girls. Harry Secombe who, in those days, used to perform an hilarious shaving act, always left the glass-floored stage covered with slippery soap suds. And, as he was followed by a fan dancer, this caused a few problems which were only finally resolved by re-scheduling his routine into another part of the programme.

Audiences also posed a problem for the comedians and other artistes. Percy Edwards, a pre-war stalwart of the Mill, had few illusions about his popularity with the customers who, in most cases, were only there to see the girls. 'There were days when I thought I was entertaining a cemetery,' he once recalled ruefully. It was a feeling shared by Eric Barker. 'It was good discipline . . . no one wanted to see you. They were waiting for the next scene — or they were asleep and snoring after a business lunch.' No one, however, went to sleep when bold, brash, and bewhiskered Jimmy Edwards came on stage. Squatting down on the edge of the orchestra pit he would blow a referee's whistle as the customers scrambled over the seats to gain a place in the front row and would then invite the audience to 'give a big hand' to the loser. By the time the act was over he had everyone in the theatre eating out of his hand.

But Jimmy shrewdly recognised the disadvantages of working at the Mill. 'The Windmill is a wonderful theatre in which to make a start,' he wrote in his autobiography. 'But, paradoxically, you cannot really hit the top line until you have left.' Dick Emery was one star who demonstrated the wisdom of Jimmy's words, although he once told me that many of his famous comic characters, including the buck-toothed vicar, were based on members of the Windmill audiences whom he had observed while working there as a young and inexperienced comedian.

Laura Henderson died in November 1944, and, in recognition of Vivian Van Damm's contribution to the ultimate success of the theatre, she left him the leasehold of the building and more than 90 per cent of the company preference shares. To all intents and purposes, Van Damm was now the sole owner of the Mill and, during the immediate post-war period, the theatre reached the high-point of its fame. By the mid-fifties, however, other similar shows were opening up in competition — the Irving Theatre just off Leicester Square, which used the identical Windmill format of nude tableaux, fan dances, and sketches but lacked the pull of a top-rank comedian; the Casino de Paris in Denman Street; the Nell Gwynne off Wardour Street; and, breaking new ground with a lushly presented and fast-moving extravaganza, Paul Raymond's Revuebar.

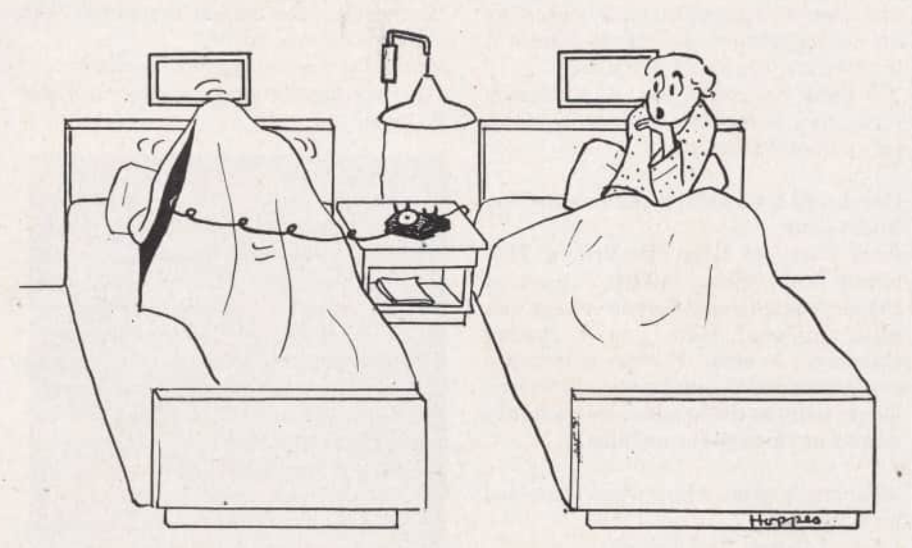
Alongside well-produced professional shows such as these sprang up the basement striptease clubs and clip joints — tawdry and sordid imitations of the big shows with touts standing outside luridly-lit doorways proclaiming to every passer-by: 'They're naked and they're moving!'

By 1956 the Windmill's takings had fallen dramatically and financially the theatre was back in its familiar overdraft scenario of the 1930's. But Van Damm soldiered on. Costs were cut and economies made. But the public was more interested in the raw sex on offer in the sex clubs. Motionless nudes who looked more like marble statues than living flesh held little appeal for the new breed of punters, and attendances declined at an alarming rate. Worn out from fighting a losing battle against insolvency, Van Damm became seriously ill and died in December 1960, and his daughter, Sheila, who had already achieved world-wide fame as a rally driver, took over as General Manager. She fought on for another four years, but it was a hopeless struggle, for the strip clubs, not subject to the dictates of the Lord Chamberlain's censors, were able to offer the public what it wanted. Faced by disastrously falling box-office receipts, she was finally forced to sell out to a cinema group. *We never closed* had sadly proved to be a hollow boast.

* * *

One afternoon in the autumn of 1944 a *V-1* doodlebug exploded with devastating effect in a narrow Soho street just behind the Windmill. The crash reverberated through the theatre and the entire building seemed to tremble under the blast. The show had just reached one of the audience's favourite moments — the Spanish Garden tableau. Dancers were swaying lazily to the rhythmic beat of the rhumba and, at the rear of the stage, on a small raised podium fronted with a wrought-iron balustrade, stood a posing Windmill girl — totally naked save for a large black sombrero-style hat.

Suddenly, as the echoes of the explosion died away, she raised her arm and thumbed her nose definantly skywards. It was the only time in the history of the Windmill that a nude moved. And, accepting the spirit of the girl's gesture, the Lord Chamberlain for once turned a blind eye. For even a censor can, on occasions, be human.



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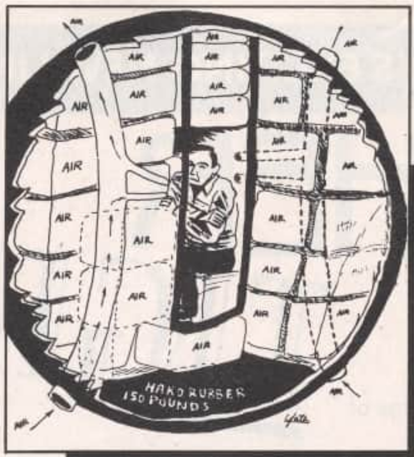
continued from page 36

toured the world, lecturing on his exploits for 15 years, only to die in New Zealand after slipping on an orange peel, breaking his leg and suffering fatal complications.

Next was another Englishman, Charles Stephens, father of 11 children, who would all be orphaned after his stubborn attempt to make the drop in the face of much sensible advice from local experts. He anchored himself to the base of a heavy oak barrel with a 100 lb anvil, and strapped his arms to the sides above him. When he hit water at the base of the Falls, Stephens went straight through the bottom of the barrel, anvil and all. All they ever found of him was one arm still strapped to the remains of the barrel.

The next contender, Jean Laussier from Quebec, designed the most ingenious contraption ever used in going over the Falls. This was an 11-foot diameter rubber ball, made out of 32 car tyre inner tubes, encased in a double-wall steel frame, and, on July 28, 1928, Laussier made his attempt. It was triumphantly successful. Although the ball was banged around roughly in the rapids above, it bounced cleanly over the drop to a relatively soft landing, and Laussier was hauled out, unharmed, just one hour after starting his journey. For many years after, Laussier exhibited his ball at the Falls and sold small pieces of his inner tubes at 50 cents a time. When some knowledgeable local resident pointed out that the tubes were lasting an unconscionable time, Laussier blandly admitted that replacement supplies were furnished by a nearby garage.

Two years after Laussier came a Greek chef from Buffalo named George Stathakis, who reverted to the barrel technique. He went over cleanly enough, but his conveyance got trapped behind the curtain of falling water where he remained for 22 hours before being shuffled out into the stream. Having only enough air for three hours, he had suffocated long before his barrel was boat-hooked into the shore.



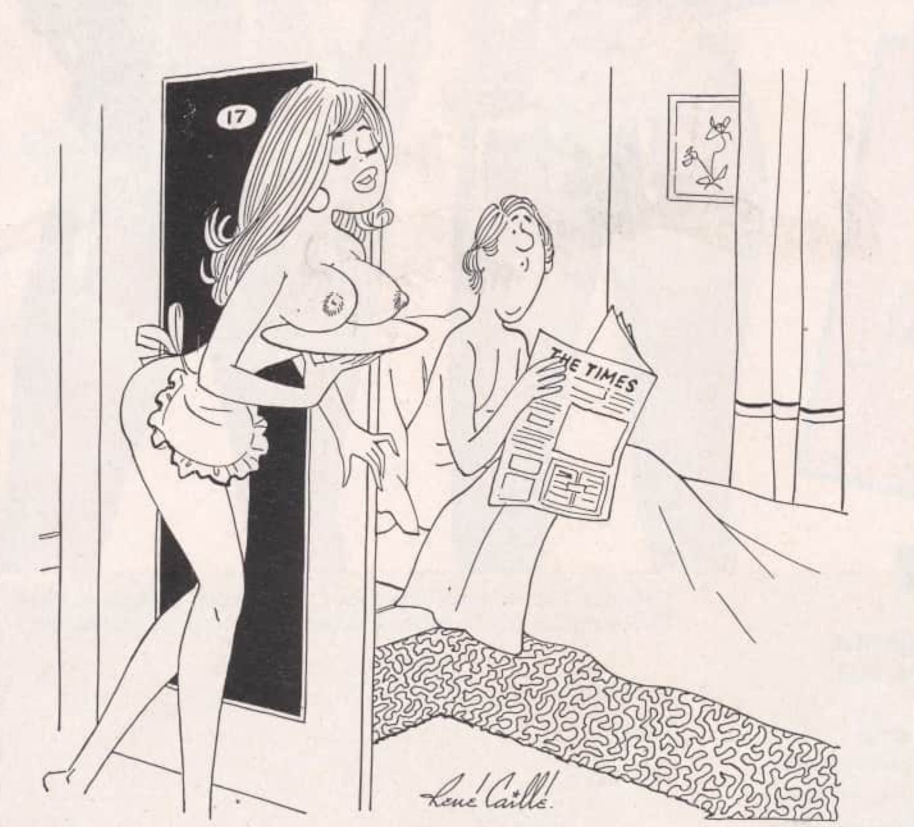
Jean Laussier rode the Falls inside an 11-foot ball

World War Two saw the area sealed off by the military, but in 1951 the stunters were back, although by that time local Park authorities had outlawed them, forcing them to face not only danger but fines as well if they survived. The first one, William 'Red' Hill, Junior, did not live to pay his fine. He was one of a family who knew as much about the Falls as anyone. His father 'Red' Hill Senior earned four life saving medals in the area, rescuing 28 people from the river and recovering 177 bodies, victims of accidents or suicides; his younger brother, Wesley, was still chief rescue officer in Niagara in the mid 1970s. It is therefore somewhat surprising to find that 'Red' Hill Junior's contrivance for going over the Falls was one of the most foolhardy ever designed. Basically, the thing (and it was actually christened 'Thing') consisted of 13 inner tubes held together with fish net and canvas straps. It was, accordingly, practically weightless, and the unfortunate Hill's last moments must have been painful in the extreme since the contraption bounced off rocks, was thrown into the air, and was beginning to disintegrate long before it reached the Falls. It went over to disappear into the mist and churning water below. All that reappeared later was a tangled mass of tubes and webbing. It was 24 hours before Hill's naked and mangled body was recovered.

The last stunt over the Falls was in 1971 when a man calling himself Nathan T Boya duplicated Jean Laussier's rubber ball method of transport. His trip went off so uneventfully that, when he was arrested in the pool below for breaking Niagara Parks regulations, he was under the impression that he had been stopped *before* going over the Falls. The last stuntsman cheerfully paid his fine of 113 dollars in Niagara Falls City Court.

But there are cases of involuntary trips over the Falls by people with no intention of seeking fame or glory. In most cases they end in sudden death, like the small boat caught in the rapids above the Falls in 1962. Of the four occupants, one man and two women were swept to their deaths over the Horseshoe Falls. The other one had an even more unpleasant end, being sucked into the turbines of the Canadian Niagara Power Company 250 yards above the Falls. A year earlier, however, there was a truly miraculous escape when the first ever human being — and a seven-year-old boy at that — went over the Falls without any sort of protective covering and lived to tell the tale. His name was Roger Woodward, and, together with his 17-year-old sister, Deanne, he was taken for a joy-ride by one of their father's friends, Jim Honeycutt. Honeycutt, at the helm, allowed their boat to get too near the rapids, and then the engine failed. Drifting helplessly, they went through the rapids until the boat turned turtle. Deanne, still clinging to the keel, was providentially washed into shallower waters around Goat Island, and was hauled to safety by sightseers, leaning far out over the protective railing. But Honeycutt and young Roger were way out in midstream, and both were washed over the Horseshoe Falls. Honeycutt went straight to his death, but Roger, buoyed up by the life jacket he was wearing, was flung on a more outward trajectory and landed in the pool below, to the amazement of the captain of the *Maid of the Mist*, who spotted the bright orange jacket, steered closer and threw a life belt. Minutes later young Roger was brought aboard, exhausted but alive.

But perhaps the last word on such a great work of Nature should be left to a great man. Abraham Lincoln commented, in 1848: 'By what mysterious power is it that millions and millions are drawn from all parts of the world to gaze upon Niagara Falls? There is no mystery about the thing itself. . . If the water moving onward in a great river, reaches a point where there is a perpendicular jog of a hundred feet in descent . . . it is plain the water will have a violent and continuous plunge at that point. It is also plain the water, thus plunging, will foam, and roar, and send up a mist, continuously, in which last, during sunshine, there will be perpetual rainbows. The mere physical of Niagara Falls is only this. Yet this is really a very small part of that world's wonder. Its power to excite reflection, and emotion, is its great charm.'



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LETTERS

continued from page 8

were having, we returned to the hotel.

At the hotel, we retired to a quiet corner of the lounge with a large brandy each.

Within seconds of sitting down together, we were kissing very passionately, our tongues exploring each others' mouths. Without saying a word we picked up our drinks and went upstairs.

On entering my room, we kissed again, she pressing her crotch against mine. We moved away from each other so that I could unbutton my shirt and she could remove her pullover. She was not wearing a bra, her breasts were small, her nipples quite large in comparison, and by this time, very stiff.

I sat down at the edge of the bed and pulled her to me so I could kiss and suck her nipples and she groaned as I nipped them gently. I pulled her knickers down to reveal neatly trimmed black pubes. I stood up so that she could pull off my trousers and pants and my erection sprang free. I laid down and pulled her towards me. We kissed for what seemed like ages. As she pushed her lips against mine, I ran my hands over her bum. Her skin was so soft and smooth. I moved my hand up her thigh, ran my fingers over her pubic hair and stroked her labia lips. My finger slipped inside her and felt her wetness.

I then moved down so that I could explore her with my tongue. She moaned as I licked her.

I moved up her body and she stroked my throbbing stiffness before guiding it into her. I started sliding in and out, slowly at first but gradually increasing speed. She was writhing under me, moaning loudly. As she wrapped her legs around me, I pumped harder and harder. 'Fuck me, fuck me,' she urged.

We both came together eventually. We lay together for a while before we fucked again, this time with her riding me.

That was three years ago, but it was still without doubt the best sex I have ever had.

(Name and address witheld)

So the story goes

My wife and I were interested in the letters you've been receiving over the past few months concerning what was termed 'openess' in marriages.

We are both 24 and work in the Arts industry. We have been told that our success in work is due to our inventive and active imaginations. Quite frankly, our imaginations have provided us with successes in our sex life too. Instead of getting actively involved with other people, we make up stories about them and tell these stories to each other, knowing the consequences will be extremely pleasurable.

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The stories we tell are believable because we are both attractive, and it would be possible to land ourselves in the situations.

We first started to tell them about three years ago after introducing ourselvs to *Mayfair*. We had had to do a study on general magazine design in our final year at Art College. We were highly aroused by the magazine we'd chosen — *Mayfair*. We thought we'd send you examples: one of Sarah's concerning me, and one of mine about her.

It was Sunday. We weren't expecting anyone, and they were left on the coffee table, we were out in the garden. There, we met our new neighbours and after chatting invited them around for a drink, and they accepted.

They sat themselves down in the lounge whilst I went off to prepare the drinks and Sarah something to eat. The new neighbours are in their early 40s (the woman possibly in her late 30s) and, as Sarah put it, although outwardly respectable, they had 'experienced life'.

Anyway, due to a little mishap in the kitchen, we were gone for about 15 minutes. To our horror, when we got into the lounge, Bill and Lucy (names changed) were reading the stories I had left on the coffee table.

Suppressing a rather giggly laugh, Lucy asked if both these accounts were true or not. I was just about to say no when Sarah said, 'Yes, but don't get the wrong idea. We're not sex mad'.

Sarah turned and winked at me. I knew what she was up to but wasn't game and wanted to say that we were just messing about but couldn't; not when I saw the way

turn to page 112

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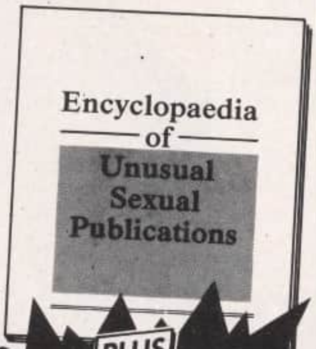

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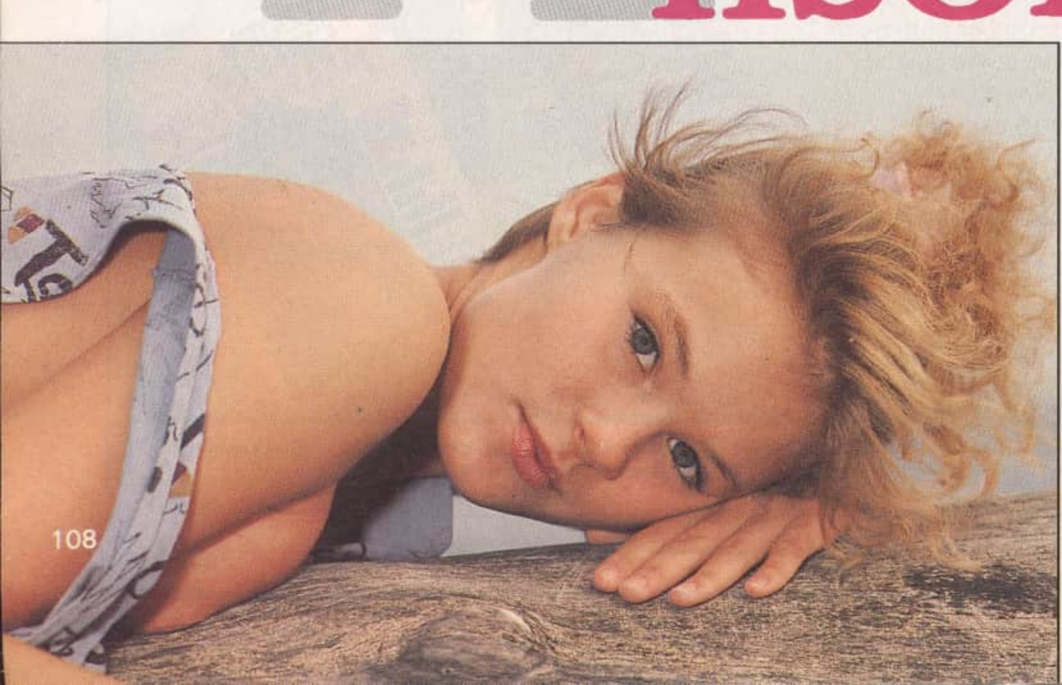
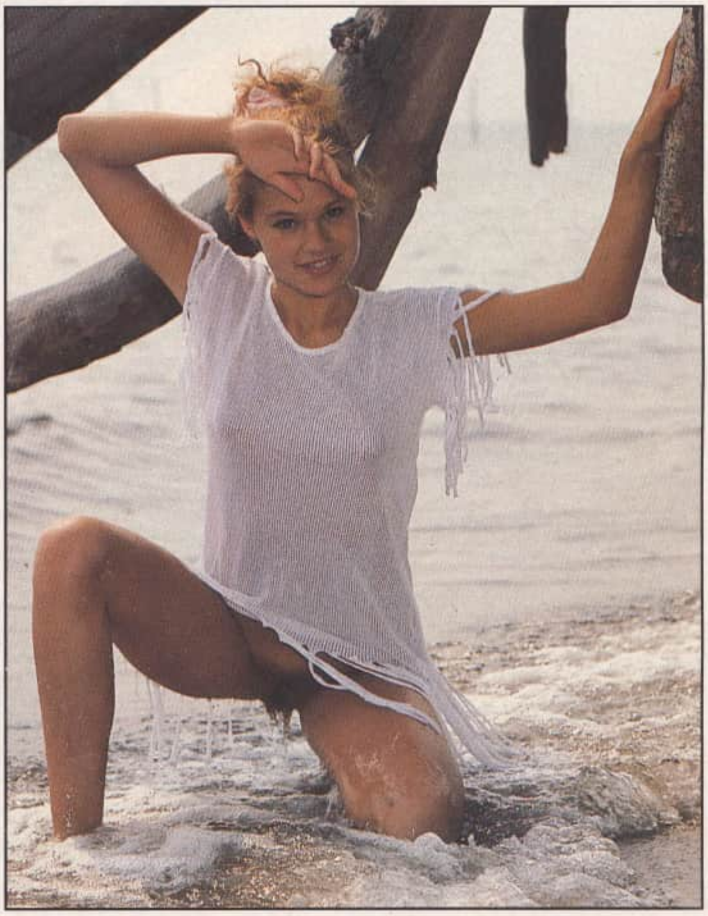
Alison



Hot, sweaty bodies, panting and rhythmic movements are, what you might call, the trademarks of 18-year-old Alison Weeks' chosen profession. For Alison is an aerobics teacher from Swansea, working part-time for a dance studio and also giving private classes. 'I can imagine what the reaction of some of the men in my classes is going to be when they see my pictures,' she said. 'It'll probably raise their pulses even further!'



Not that Alison's main reason for baring her lithe 33-22-33 figure is to lead them a pretty dance. 'I feel it's terribly important for people to take regular exercise,' she said, 'and you should raise your heart rate to a certain level every day to keep both healthy and fit I mean, just look at my body — don't you think it looks shapely and sexy?' There's little doubt that, what with one thing or another, she kind of takes your breath away.

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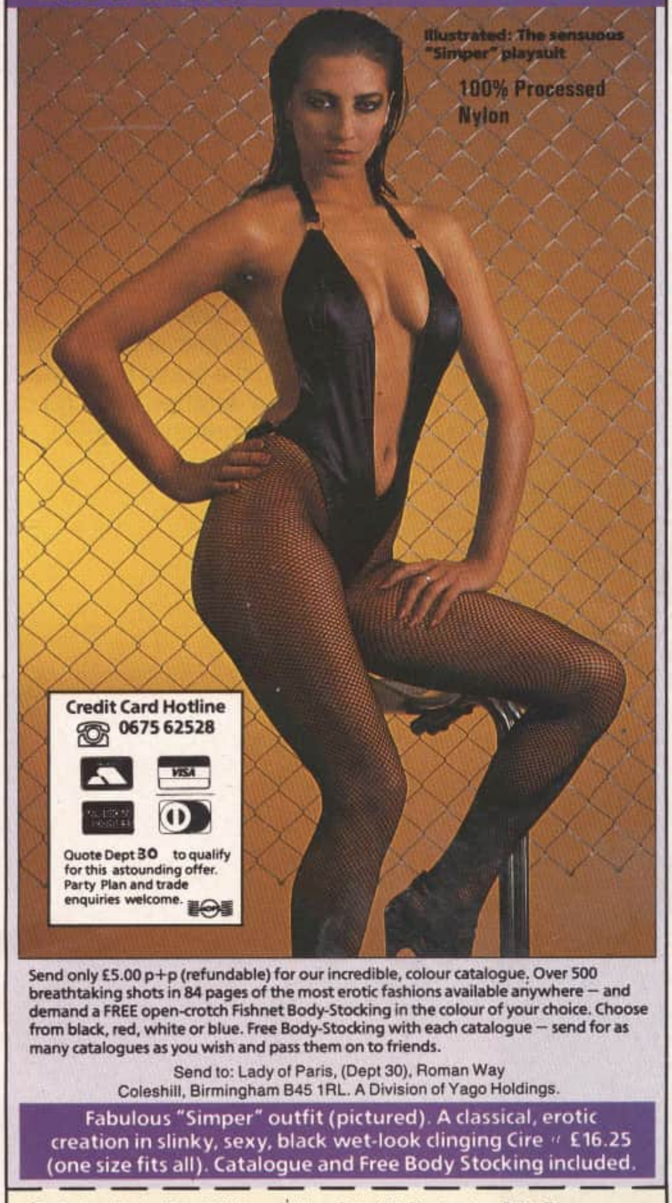

Illustrated: The sensuous "Simper" playsuit

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LETTERS

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Lucy was looking at me. I then saw the way Bill was looking at Sarah, and it was obvious Sarah's claim about not being sex mad hadn't been believed.

Sarah's description of them having 'experienced life' was quite apt, as it became clear that our neighbours wanted to add a new chapter to the stories. I tried to stall them, but then Lucy (still staring at me; my crotch, in particular) said, 'You know, *we* haven't exactly had a sheltered sex life.' With that she put her hand on Bill's knee, which, combined with the situation, was enough to form a swell in his trousers.

I was the only one who was rather reticent. When she saw Bill's crotch, Sarah exclaimed, 'Oh, doesn't that look impressive!' This prompted Lucy to say, 'Yes, and by the looks of him, Paul (me) looks handy too.' Then she invited Sarah to 'look more closely'.

To my horror she did. She knelt beside Bill and undid his trousers. Out popped a thick, lethal looking tool that I was wary of because it seemed drawn to Sarah. What's more Sarah was drawn to *it*, and she put her hands either side of it and eased her lips over the top. I thought I would be angry. In fact, I was transfixed.

I couldn't help but watch as Sarah moved her lips up and down this strange shaft, and I must have been impressed because I soon had a Bill-like swell in my trousers.

Without any invitation, Lucy started to do to me what Sarah was doing to her husband. Lucy took ages over it, so much so that I was able to watch Sarah and Bill on the other side of the room. I watched as Bill told her to stand up. He undid her skirt and blouse and slipped them off. In no time he had undone her bra and stood back to admire her body. When Sarah turned around and took off her panties, Bill was quite captivated by her bottom. Sarah obligingly knelt on all fours and I watched as my wife was taken from behind by this stranger's weapon. He really banged into her, and it had an effect on all of us.

I, of course, wanted some of what Bill was getting, and Lucy was more than willing to oblige. I had reduced her to just a white lacy teddy and moved behind her, letting her know that I was reaching optimum stiffness. I slipped the teddy over her breasts and down over her hips. I wanted to take her from behind but Lucy had other ideas and told me to lay back on the sofa.

She then positioned herself over my tool and eased down onto it. She leaned back after it had disappeared and groaned uncontrollably. We were now the centre of attention, and Sarah and Bill watched as Lucy bobbed eagerly up and down.

When we had both gone over the top, Bill joined us and accused Lucy of looking as if she had enjoyed it too much, and told her to suck him as punishment. She giggled, and took him in her mouth, and he gestured for me to move behind her. As I eased myself in, he said, 'I saw in your face what you wanted to give her'. I was taken aback, but seeing as he had done it to my wife, I thought it only fair I should have a go.

This account of course is an invention too. It's an example of the sort of stories we tell each other. Although we don't try and act them out, they do make for some great times, especially when they involve 'casual acquaintances'. We think they wouldn't be so potent if we tried to live out the stories, and the only times we do so are when they involve places, not people. For example, the back garden and the country park a couple of miles away.

As a result of these stories, we feel we have an 'open marriage'. We trust each other fully beecause we know we are both more than satisfied in, if you like, fantasising about adultery. I think the saying 'You don't have to enjoy it' was meant to describe something else, but it sums up our stories, and their effect, perfectly.

PR and SR, Gloucester.

Powering a Flower Girl

I am an attractive married woman in her early thirties and work as a secretary in a large shipping office in the centre of our city. I have a good figure and a nice pair of 38 titties, long blonde hair, and I like to believe that I keep you with modern fashion trends.

My husband and I both enjoy reading *Mayfair*, and we often get turned on before sex by your marvellous photographs, good feature stories and the exciting letters you publish.

Of late, my own sex life with my hubby, Alan (name changed), has not been very exciting. You know the usual sort of thing — Saturday night on my back, a couple of

turn to page 114

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LETTERS

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rather luke-warm thrusts, and he's satisfied, leaving me still in a state of excitement and no orgasm. I thought this may be due to the fact that Alan, who is in his late forties, is probably past it.

However, now we come to the interesting part. We were looking through *Mayfair* Vol 23 No 8 one night, and Alan came across the fascinating piece on the chic and trendy 23-year-old, Annabel Cawston, she of the 5 foot 9 inch height and blonde hair.

Believe it or not, Annabel has turned Alan into a new man. Ever since he saw the pictures of her, we have been having hot bonking sessions all over the house, and in that many different positions that I have been fully satisfied for the first time in many years.

The reason stems back to the late sixties when I first met Alan as a trendy teenage girl, and my favourite fashion gear was white lace dresses and stylish flower power-type hats. This gear really turned Alan on, and we had many open air sessions with me taking Alan's hot and thrusting rampant cock into my teenage molting love pot, either in doggy position, or standing up, with his rough and ready hands digging deep into my bare buttocks, as we lusted after each other in those far off hot summer nights of sex with everything.

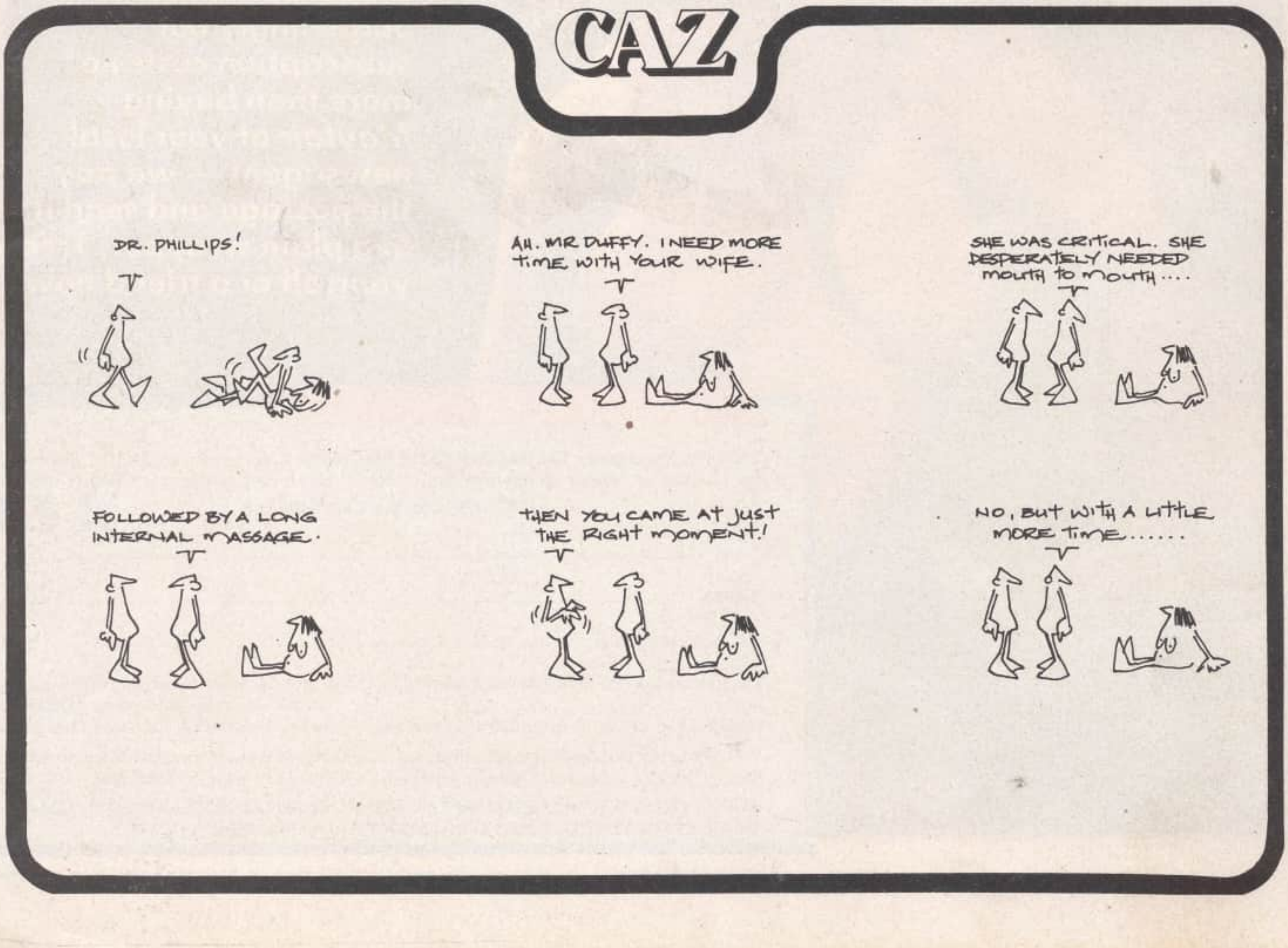
After seeing the photos of Annabel, I dug out some of my old white lace outfits from the wardrobe, and, seeing me dressed like Annabel, Alan was again hot for bonking sessions with my now mature fanny, whenever and wherever the need took him. And, of course, I was only too happy to comply with his hot sex demands. Alan likes to strip me of my white lace gear down to my sussies and stockings, and above all, I must wear one of my flower power hats whenever he seeks me for sex. Thus for sex sessions now, I just wear a hat, no knickers, and he likes me to keep on my sussies and stockings and high heels.

Oh, dear Alan, I do love him to come on strong. My white frills really bring on the hot and sexy thrills for us both. He has really turned into a full, red-hot blooded male again. Instead of having rapid luke-warm sex sessions on my back once a week, Alan is now giving me a good cocking-hot bonking several times a night. I have never had it so good since I was a giggling teenager. It is back to his favourite doggy position with me squatting down on all fours, my bare buttocks thrust high, wide and handsome, just waiting. My elbows burn with pain and ecstasy as he begins his slow and sure way to the heart of my fanny . . . While I am stuck so happily in this doggy position, he grasps my titties with his huge hands, and tantalises my vacillating vulvy.

It really is true, Alan has to have me when I'm dressed like Annabel in hot white lace. And though it's hats on, knickers off, from now on I don't mind. I'm ready, willing and able.

JD, Manchester

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.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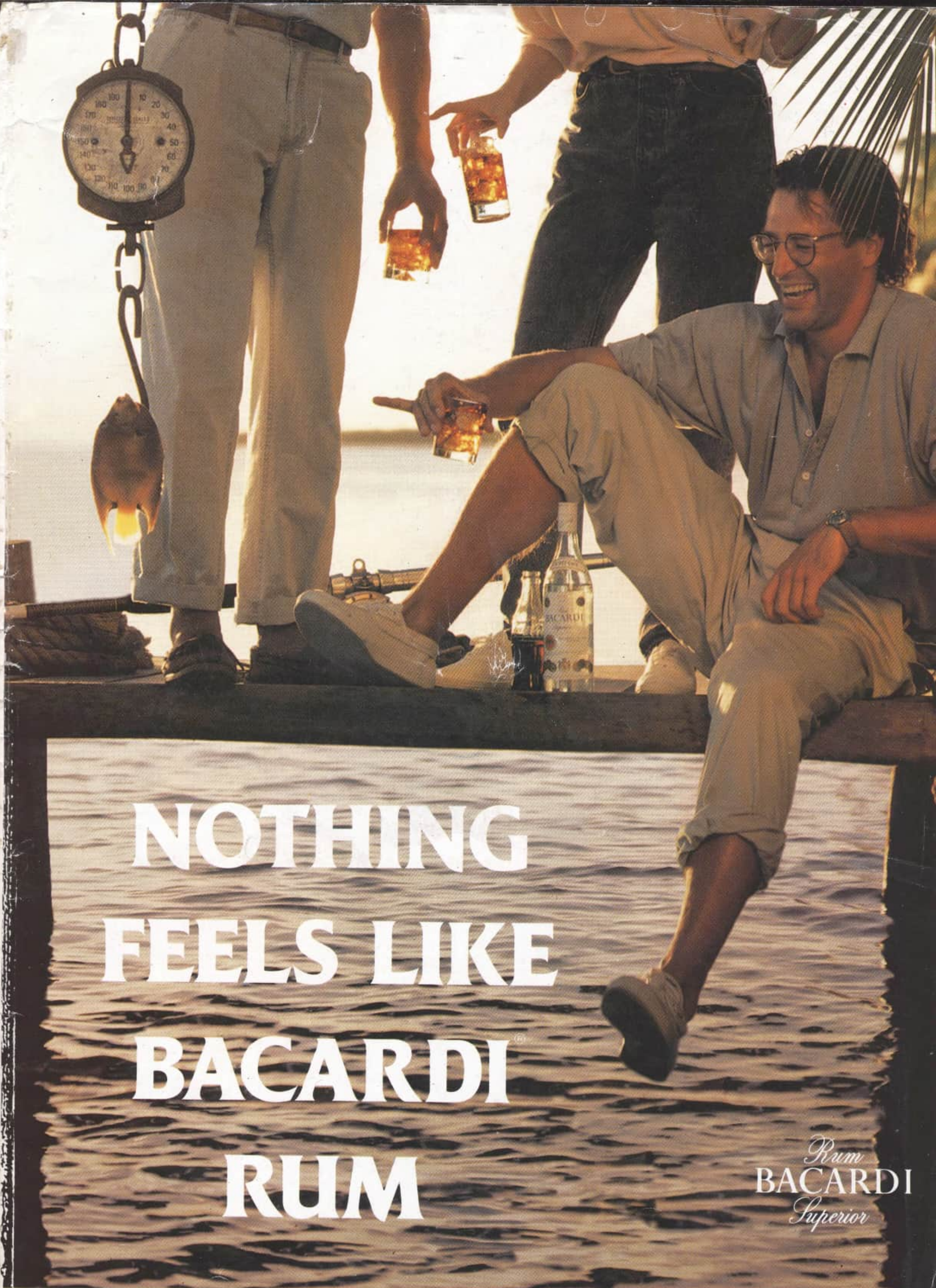
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